

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

**SUBSCRIPTION:**—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

VOL. 35.—No. 18.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1857.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

**MADAME ENDERSOHN.**—Letters to be addressed to No. 75, Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

**THE BROTHERS HOLMES** have removed to No. 3, Byng-place, Gordon-square.

**MR. TENNANT** has returned to town for the season, having concluded his operatic tour with Miss C. Hayes. All engagements for Mrs. Tennant and himself to be addressed to their residence, 42, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W.

**SIGNOR EMANUELE BILETTA** begs to announce to his friends and pupils his arrival in London for the season. All communications to be addressed to him at 221, Regent-street.

**MR. CARRODUS**, Violinist, begs to announce that he has removed to 7, Cambridge-street, Eccleston-square, where all communications may be addressed.

**M. VENUA, SENIOR**, (late of the Italian Opera, the King's Theatre), informs his professional and other musical friends, that he has removed from his late Family Residence in Reading, Berks, to No. 6, Norfolk-square, Hyde-park, London.

**FAVELLA ITALIANA.**—A lady of Roman descent imparts this beautiful language to professional singers and others, with unusual purity and rapid fluency of conversation. Madame A. (paid), Nash and Teuton, 4, Saville-place, Regent-street.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—Piccolomini, Giuglini, Belletti, Violetti, and Pechini. **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.** Thursday next, May 7th, **LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.** Lucia, Piccolomini; Edgardo, Giuglini. **LA ESMERALDA.** La Esmeralda, Pechini—her last appearance but the 6. For particulars see Bills. A limited number of boxes in the half-circle tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had on application at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket. Price, one guinea and one guinea and a half each.

**MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN** begs to announce her arrival in London. Applications for engagements to be made to Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street; or Madame Schumann, 32, Dorset-place, Dorset-square. Madame Schumann will give a limited number of private lessons during her stay in London.

**SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI** beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday Evening, May 12th, to commence at 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Dolby, Mad. Ferrari, Sig. Ferrari, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Ries, Herr Lidel, and Sig. Giulio R. gondi. Accompanist—Mr. W. G. Cusins. Tickets 7s., to be had at the principal music-sellers; reserved seats, 10s. 6d., to be had only at Sig. Ferrari's residence, Devonshire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place.

**MRS. JOHN MACFARREN'S FIRST MATINEE** of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, on Saturday next, from 3 to 5, at 27, Queen Ann-street, when she will be assisted by M. Sauton, Signor Piatti, Miss Dolby, Madame Weiss, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Walter Macfarren. Programme—Sonata, violoncello and piano—Mendelssohn; New Vocal Duet—Macfarren; Prelude and Klavierstück, piano—Mendelssohn; and Scarlatti Solo, violin—Sauton; New Song—Weiss; Les Fauneurs, piano—Liszt; Sonata, violin and piano—Beethoven; Song, "The Resper,"—Balle; Solo violoncello, Piatti; Song, "L'Emigré"—Lüders; Vocal Trio, Nora Macfarren. Solos, piano, Bithenthal and Chopin.

**MESSRS. R. BLAGROVE and HAROLD THOMAS'S** THREE MATINEES MUSICALES, at Willis's Rooms, Mondays, May 11th, June 8th, and July 6th. To commence at Half-past Two o'clock. Artists—Mad. Weiss, Mrs. Hayes, Miss Dolby; Sig. Marras, Messrs. Chas. Braham, Bunton, Weiss, and the Orpheus Glee Union; MM. Sauton, H. Blagrove, Lucas, Chipp, R. Blagrove, Lindsay Sloper, W. G. Cusins, and Harold Thomas. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, to be had only of Mr. R. Blagrove, 71, Mortimer-street, W.; and Mr. H. Thomas, 19, Old Bond-street. Tickets, 7s. each, at the principal music warehouses.

18

**VACCAJ'S METHOD.**—Messrs. SCHOTT and Co. beg to announce that they have withdrawn the above Work from their Catalogue, having discovered it to be copyright of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, and they beg to express their regret at having unintentionally infringed their right. 159, Regent-street.

**HANDEL.**—A superb Portrait of this great Master, copied from the Windsor Painting, and beautifully engraved on Stone. Size, 25 inches by 20 inches. Price 6s. Boosey and Sons, Musical Library, Holles-street.

**THE BROUSIL FAMILY** will appear this day (Saturday), at the Crystal Palace; on Monday, May 4th, at Uxbridge; on Tuesday, May 5th, at Great Marlow; on Wednesday, May 6th, at Maidenhead; on Thursday, May 7th, at Windsor; on Friday, May 8th, at Reading. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to Mr. Silas Wood, secretary, 25, Devonshire-street, London. Vocalist, Miss Bousal. The Brousil Family have removed to 25, Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

**MADAME CLARA NOVELLO, MAD. CARADORI,** Miss Dolby, Mlle. de Westerstrand, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Weiss, Herr Ernst, Signor Bottisini, Madame Clara Schumann, and Madame Madeline Gräver, supported by the Grand Orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera, will appear at Exeter Hall on Wednesday, evening, May 20th, 1857. Conductor, Herr Goffrie. Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; tickets, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. May be had of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street; Mitchell, Old Bond-street; Keith and Frowse, Cheapside; and at the principal Music-warehouses.

**COLOGNE CHORAL UNION**, consisting of 80 MEN VOICES, under the direction of HERR FRANZ WEBER.—Mr. MITCHELL has the honor to announce that he has made arrangements for the purpose of giving a SHORT SERIES OF CONCERTS by this distinguished Society, in the following order:—At the Hanover Square Rooms, Monday afternoon, May 25; Tuesday afternoon, May 26; Wednesday afternoon, May 27. One Evening Concert only, at Exeter Hall, on Thursday, May 28. At the Hanover Square Rooms: Friday afternoon, May 29; Saturday afternoon, May 30; Monday afternoon, June 1; Tuesday afternoon, June 2; Thursday afternoon, June 4; and Friday afternoon, June 5.—The Afternoon Concerts will commence at half-past three, and the Evening Concert at eight.—Tickets for the whole of the above Concerts may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

**MR. WILLERT BEALE** begs to announce that he has entered into an arrangement with Mr. W. H. Russell, the Special Correspondent of *The Times* with the British Army in the Crimea, for the delivery of a PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT CAMPAIGN OF 1854-56.

The scenes and operations of which Mr. Russell was a spectator comprise every event of importance from the departure of the army to the evacuation of the Crimea, including the Battle of the Alma—the Bombardment—the Battle of Balaklava—the Battle of Inkermann—the Winter Sorties—the Trenches—Death in the Camp—the Expedition to Kertch—the Assault of the 18th of June—the Battle of the Tchernaya—the Final Assault—and the Fall of Sebastopol.

Amid the scenes of daily excitement in which he was placed, obliged, as the correspondent of a great public journal, to record at the instant his impressions of the more momentous events around him, Mr. Russell was compelled to leave unnoticed many circumstances which appeared of insignificance when they occurred, but which subsequent experience showed to be of great interest. He had no time to describe the little world in which he lived, or the actors who moved in it, but he has now the opportunity of recalling more minutely the particulars of all he saw and heard, to sketch as it were the private life and interior economy of the armies, and of the camp, and to enter upon the description of subjects which during the war it would have been injudicious and impolitic to have communicated to the world.

The Narrative will consist of three distinct Parts, and will be delivered at Willis's Rooms, Part I, on Monday evening, May 11; Part II, Thursday evening, May 14; Part III, Saturday evening, May 16. To commence at half-past eight o'clock.

Subscription to the series, £2 2s.; single tickets, 15s. each. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; Sams', 1, St. James's-street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond-street; and all the principal libraries and music-sellers.

**LES BOUFFES PARISIENS.—FRENCH PLAYS** AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—It is respectfully announced that the entire Company of Les Bouffes Parisiens will have the honor of appearing at the above Theatre, on Wednesday Evening, May 20. Artists: Messieurs Pradeau, Guyot, Gerpre, &c.; Mesdemoiselles Dalmont and Marchal (their first appearance in this country), under the able direction of the composer, Monsieur Offenbach. Subscription to Stalls for Twelve representations, Five Guineas. Private Boxes, 30 and 40 Guineas. Boxes, stalls, and tickets, may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

**TO COMPOSERS.**—To be disposed of—several Libretti suitable for the Italian Opera, by a late distinguished Italian author. Address, free, to I. J., Post-office, Dalkeith, Edinburgh.

**A SECOND-HAND DOUBLE-ACTION HARP,** by Erard, in a first-rate condition, to be sold at Schott and Co's, 159, Regent-street, W.

**WANTED, A FEMALE SOPRANO FOR THE CHOIR** of a Catholic Church in Cork. None need apply who are not thoroughly conversant with the Catholic Church music. Applications, stating capabilities, terms, and references, to be addressed, prepaid, to Mr. T. J. Sullivan, Professor of Music, 43, Patrick-street, Cork.

**A PROFESSOR,** competent to instruct a Class in the **WIND INSTRUMENTS** usually employed in Orchestras, is wanted by the Irish Acad. my of Music. The time employed will not be considerable; the salary not less than £40 per annum, with other advantages. Inquiries to be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Sloane, 18, Stephen's Green North, Dublin.

**PIANOFORTES.**—**DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING PIANO** may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fulness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

**CASE'S PATENT CONCERTINAS.**  
**R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTES.**  
**MADAME PRATTEN'S NEW MODEL GUITAR.**  
**BOOSE'S NEW MODEL CORNET À PISTONS.**  
**BOOSE'S CELEBRATED CLARIONETS.**

Sole Manufacturers, BOOSEY and SONS, Holles-street, London.

**LAMBERT AND CO., PATENT PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,** Warehouse, 814, Oxford-street, two doors from entrance to Hanover-square. Lambert and Co.'s Pianos have become so celebrated, both at home and abroad, that they need only call the attention of all who wish for a first-rate Pianoforte to their late improvements in the "Patent Repetition Check Action" Pianofortes and "Patent Regulating Hoppers." These instruments are warranted, for touch, tone, and durability, as not to be surpassed, if equalled, by any maker in London; while the cost is much under other first-rate houses. They have only to be tried to be approved, and are especially adapted for export. Lists supplied gratis. The "Check Action" advertised by other houses was Mr. Lambert's sole invention, but is now greatly improved, and can only be applied by him in its perfection. It is necessary to mention this, as disappointment has often been the consequence of applying to other parties. "We recommend these instruments from personal experience of their character, and a knowledge of the admirable principles upon which they are constructed, the very best materials and workmanship alone being employed."—*Court Journal*. Pianofortes let on hire, tuned, and repaired, also taken in exchange. Alexandre's Harmoniums from Six guineas upwards, of which a list may be had on application.

**ACRIBELLES' E VIOLIN STRINGS.**—These celebrated Strings, now almost exclusively used by the most eminent masters on the Continent and in London, can only be had genuine of Monsieur Alphonse Villin, Sole Agent, 14, East-place, Kennington-road. Purchasers are strictly cautioned against the many bad imitations already before the public. N.B. The genuine Acribilles are easily tested, as they are the only 1st strings which will bear being tuned up to A. They are invariably true and faultless, and are warranted to last three times as long as any others. A sample will be sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

**R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED FLUTES** on the old system of fingering, superbly finished, and possessing a greater amount of tone than any other instrument. Manufactured by Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street, London, under the personal direction of Mr. Pratten, principal Flute at the Royal Italian Opera, Philharmonic Concerts, etc.

PRICES:—

No. 1, with 8 German silver keys	.. .. .	17 Guineas.
2, " 8 silver	.. .. .	13 "
3, " 9 "	.. .. .	12 "
4, " 8 " French Pillars	.. .. .	9 "
5, " 9 "	.. .. .	8 "
6, " " "	.. .. .	4 "

These prices include a handsome Case lined with velvet, and fitted up with cleaning rod, case box, etc.

**R. S. PRATTEN'S PERFECTED MILITARY FLUTES AND FIFES**, equally good, and at prices in proportion.

Just Published, price 6s., **BOOSEY'S UNIVERSAL FLUTE PRECEPTOR.** A complete method. Edited by Clinton.

Agents for Calcutta—Burkinyoung and Co.; Bombay—A. Dunlop.

**GEORGE CASE'S CONCERTINAS.**—The only Instruments that remain in tune.—Manufactured with patent inventions, increasing the power and softness of their tone. Prices from 4 to 12 guineas each. A very liberal discount to the trade. Sole manufacturers, Boosey and Sons 24 and 28, Holles-street. Agents for Calcutta, Burkinyoung and Co.; and Bombay, A. Dunlop.

**BOOSE'S ROTARY MODEL CORNET-À-PISTONS** still retains its high character as superior to all others, both for ease of blowing and intonation.

PRICES.

No. 1.—The rotary model Cornet-à-pistons, in brass	.. .. .	7 guineas.
2.—Ditto, ditto, strongly electro-plated and burnished	.. .. .	9 "
3.—Boose's new model rotary cylinder Cornet-à-pistons	.. .. .	9 "
4.—The Universal Cornopean Instructor	.. .. .	5s.

Boosey and Sons, 24 and 28, Holles-street.

Agents for Calcutta, Burkinyoung and Co.; Bombay, A. Dunlop.

**For Officers—Army and Navy, Travellers, and House Protection.**

**COLT'S PATENT SIX-SHOT RIFLE REVOLVERS.** 4, 5, and 6-inch-barrel Pocket, 7½-inch Holster and Belt Revolvers, 6 shots—in cases complete. Also, FIVE SIZES OF RIFLES. Cartridges, Holsters, Cartouches, &c., for each size. A large stock (British made) always ready. Avoid counterfeits. Description and price-lists furnished. Order of any respectable Gun-dealer, or E.I. Agency, or of the Inventor and Manufacturer,

**SAMUEL COLT,**

14, Pall Mall, S.W., London.

**FANTASIA FOR THE PIANOFORTE**, in which is introduced the favourite air of "Blue Bells of Scotland," with variations by T. Graham, price 2s. Sent post free. Address Marsden-square, Wigan.

**HANDEL SOCIETY'S EDITIONS of BELSHAZZAR,** 4to, 18s.; Israel in Egypt, 14s.; Esther, 10s.; Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, 7s.; L'Allegro, &c., 10s.; Dettingen Te Deum, 9s.; Coronation Anthems, 9s.—all full scores. Handel's various Works in full score, 50 vols. Works by Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, &c.—See John Petheran's Catalogue, now ready, gratis and post-free, at 94, High Holborn. Hogarth's Memoirs of the Opera, 4to, sells at 16s., for 3s. 6d., cloth, new.

**"JOAN OF ARC,"** Recit. and Air.—Sung by Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s. 6d., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., Music-sellers.

**"THOSE OTHER TIMES,"** Ballad, sung by Miss JULIA ST. GEORGE, in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. London: Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street N.W.

**MISS LASCELLES' NEW SONG, "The Reaper and the Flowers,"** The Poetry by Longfellow. Composed by Balfe. Price 2s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

**BEST WORKS ON SINGING.**—Garcia's new Treatise on the Cultivation of the Voice, 15s. W. Maynard's Instructions in the Art of Singing, after the method of the best Italian Masters (third edition), 7s. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

**SIX PEDAL FUGUES** (five on English Psalm Tunes) and Eight Slow Movements for the Organ, by Elizabeth Stirling. Price, to Subscribers, 15s. Published at Novello's, 69, Dean-street, Soho.

**LOW'S SUPERIOR COLD CREAM,** prepared expressly for warm climates. **LOW'S ESS BOUQUET, JOCKEY CLUB LAVENDER WATER, FRAGRANT PERFUME,** and all kinds of Fashionable Bouquets, are recommended for their agreeable and lasting qualities.

**LOW'S highly-scented VIOLET and MILLEFLEUR POWDER** for the Toilet.

**LOW'S ORIENTAL PRESERVATIVE CREAM** for the Hair. It cleanses and invigorates the growth.

Low, Son, and Benbow, Export Perfumers and Fancy Soap Makers, 390, Strand, London, and all respectable Perfumers.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—Unequalled success and wonderful power of this remedy in all bilious complaints and indigestion.—Henry James, of Park-street, Bristol, was afflicted with a severe bilious attack, indigestion, headache, and nausea, preventing him relishing any kind of food, and frequently confining him to his bed. He tried many remedies, without success; he was at length recommended Holloway's Pills (by way of a friend who had received the greatest benefit by their use) the result was marvellous in the extreme, and he was soon restored to perfect health.—Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 244, Strand, London, and 80, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Guidicy, Smyrna; and E. Muir, Malta.

# MADEMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI & THE MUSICAL CRITIC OF THE "ATHENÆUM."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I have not unfrequently been amused at the paradoxes of the musical critic of the *Athenæum* newspaper, and as long as they are restricted to the legitimate objects of criticism, they excited no other feeling in my mind. Now, however, that the writer has rushed into personalities, amusement has given way to indignation, and I cannot forbear addressing myself to you, sir, to point out the extreme unworthiness—to use no harsher term—of the individual who could write the article on Her Majesty's Theatre, which appeared in last Saturday's *Athenæum*. With the mere strictures on Mdle. Piccolomini's acting and singing I have nothing to do. Doubtless there are others who, from wilfulness or ignorance, set the opinions of the world at defiance, and constitute themselves sole arbiters of art in all its ramifications. I think, nevertheless, when a writer in a respectable journal condescends to low abuse, more especially directed against a lady of unimpeachable reputation, some other notice besides contemptuous silence should be bestowed on it. The following is extracted from the article in the *Athenæum*, apropos of Mdle. Piccolomini's *rentrée* in *La Figlia*:—"Her eyes are harder worked, her airs and graces are more exuberant than formerly; and on Tuesday these were such as would have done honor to the most dashing 'she' belonging to the Théâtre Palais-Royal—low comedy, in short, of broad, unblushing quality." Is this the language of criticism, courtesy, or common decency? If Mdle. Piccolomini happened to have a male relative in London at the present moment, it would go hard with the critic, but he would have to swallow his words, or at least encounter that sort of retaliation which Lord Byron describes as—

"The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques."

One can readily perceive that the main cause of the abuse of Mdle. Piccolomini is the ill-feeling entertained by the critic against Her Majesty's Theatre, exhibited in every possible way in every notice. For instance, in the article in last Saturday's paper, Signor Giuglini, the new tenor, is sneered at, and Mdle. Pocchini damned with faint praise. Of course, Mdle. Piccolomini being a great star in the establishment, comes in for the heaviest censure. But the critic overshoots the mark when, attempting to explain Mdle. Piccolomini's success, he says every new arrival is received in the same manner. Sir, he must know there is not one atom of truth in this, and speaks dishonestly. Why did not Mdle. Spezia, who was so much cried up by the management and so strenuously supported by the *claque*, achieve the same success? If he goes back to last year, he will find that he must look to some stronger reasons than elacquesim, managerial diplomacy, and public caprice, to account for Mdle. Piccolomini's popularity. Who came to this country with the greatest reputation—Mdle. Piccolomini or Mdle. Johanna Wagner? Will anybody hesitate to say the latter?—and yet the public condemned her the first night, and in all probability she will never be heard again in England. A great stir also was made about Mdle. Albertini—another "new arrival"—but she, too, failed and disappeared. Mdle. Piccolomini sustained the fortunes of the theatre—aye, even on the same stage with the greatest singer in the world—Alboni. Don't mistake my meaning. I am not holding up Mdle. Piccolomini as a great singer—very far from it; but I do insist that she has genius—that there is great charm in her singing—that her acting is full of grace, tenderness, and power—that she is wonderfully natural—and that her comedy, so far from being "low, broad, and of unblushing quality," is everything it should be, and includes the most perfect delicacy.

And who, sir, I should like to know, is this self-constituted Aristarchus, who sits aloft in his curule chair to deliver judgment with such arrogance and conceit, to whose simple pronouncements a universal opinion must give way, and who fancies himself "Sir Oracle," that when he opens his lips no dog must bark?

Depend upon it, however blinded a small coterie may be, by a conglomeration of loose words and an air of superior authority, the real effect of such a criticism as that in last

Saturday's *Athenæum* on Mdle. Piccolomini can be no other than that of exposing the writer to the indignation of every impartial reader. I remain, Sir, yours &c., J. M.

11, Phillimore Place, Kensington. P.S. I enclose my card.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—"An Occasional Composer" asks "under what regulations" he can publish a pianoforte piece founded upon a ballad by Nelson; to which I answer, only by consent of the proprietor of the copyright.

"Home, Sweet Home," is an old air, and any one may print it, but to use the name requires the consent of Messrs. D'Almaine and Co. Hence it has been published under the titles of "A Portuguese Air" and "A Sicilian Air," although neither the one nor the other.

"O, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," was composed by T. Carter, by birth an Irishman, author of "Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak," and several other songs which attained popularity in their day. The words are by Thomas Percy, D.D., editor of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, afterwards Bishop of Dromore. He wrote the first line, "O Nancy, wilt thou go with me," and was not pleased at the alteration. The air has no further resemblance to Scotch music than that it contains a few associations, which Dr. Burney has designated "The Scotch Snap."

Your obedient servant,  
WM. CHAPPELL.

## POETRY OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The "London Bedouin" is a humbug. If he had been anything like a London Bedouin he would have known that the poem he sent you is a mere ordinary specimen of the Seven Dials school of poetry, and that the faults it contains are the result of mere unsophisticated ignorance.

If you would hear a good piece of cultivated badness, I would refer you to the English translation of a certain verse in the duet sung by Germont and Violetta in *La Traviata*, extracted from the book sold in the theatre. Germont is made to speak thus:—

Some day, when your charms are older grown  
And time has dimm'd your beauty,  
You'll find no consolation then  
In having done your duty.  
Ah! then no balsam you will find,  
No solace nor affection,  
And Heav'n itself will e'en refuse  
Its blessing and protection.

What duty is Violetta supposed to have done, and for what balsam will she some day look in vain? The Italian *poeta* says nothing about the first, and as for the second he says:—

"Per voi non avran balsamo  
I più soavi affetti,"

by which he clearly means that the sweetest affections will have no balm for Violetta. According to the translation she will lack the solace, and the affection, and the balsam into the bargain.

TUE.

P.S.—I like much your lyricist, who satyizes the Exeter Hall folks to the tune of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," but tell him not to hit the wrong party. The curate who would stick a camelia in his candlestick would be a Puseyite, not an Evangelical, and a Puseyite has no more to do with Exeter Hall than with the Mosque of St. Sophia.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—We see that Madame Ortolani is announced as a songstress at Her Majesty's Theatre: and her name so reminds us of a bird which we have never as yet thought to be a singing one, that we feel impelled, as naturalists, to go and hear her. We think we may expect that, while she is confined to Mr. Lumley's cage, we shall find her sing more after nightfall than by day: and in this respect at least we may look to trace in her the nature of the nightingale. But what a pleasure it would be to us to discover in her voice a further reason for the parallel, and how we still more should delight to find in the Italian Ortolan a songstress to remind us of the Swedish Nightingale!—*Punch*.



### THE RHENISH SCHOOL OF MUSIC AT COLOGNE.\*

THIS establishment completed another annual course of instruction at Easter, and by a three days' examination and a concert (on the 6th inst.) rendered a public account of the progress made by the pupils. We are glad that the results enable us to bear testimony to its flourishing condition, and the progress made by the pupils, facts which are attributable to the prudent management of the school by its director, Herr F. Hiller, *Capellmeister*, and the excellent professors with him. That an institution which is supported neither by Government aid nor funds of its own, but only by the contributions of those friends of art who founded it seven years ago, and by the money paid by the scholars, should still want something to render it complete, is natural. Not relatively, however, but apart from these material conditions, its achievements are so great, that it in no way furthers artistic proletarianism, but real art and its true doctrines. The spirit which predominates in the institution, and the similarity of views entertained by all the professors on the essential nature of music, and the artistic development required for it, views founded on the right æsthetic principles, are as averse to every theory stepping beyond the proper sphere of art, as virtuosity is to all charlatanism, and have been proved by seven years' practice. The institution has accomplished most satisfactorily the most difficult task which can be imposed on a school of art—namely, besides developing *pre-eminent* talent, placing *all* the pupils upon a tolerable quality of thorough musical cultivation. This is, after all, the greatest merit of a school, as such, since Nature, as a rule, generally does the most for the reputation which brilliant talent procures the institution.

We are bound to designate as extraordinary the results obtained in pianoforte, organ, and violin playing.

The pianoforte-playing is evidently the result of a genuine system of teaching, founded on the unity of the method of instruction, from the lowest to the highest degree. Its excellence was proved in the case of all the pupils, even in that of those but little gifted naturally as well as in that of those whose principal instrument is not the piano, by the foundation of an excellent position of the hands, a good touch, and a clear, correct execution. At the examination concert, these good qualities were exhibited by all the pianists: Moriz Pohl of Cologne (Rondo, by C. Kreutzer, with orchestra); Anna Seil, of Bonn (Sonata, with violin, Beethoven); Emilie Garthe, of Deutz (Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn); Katty Foster, of Ipswich, England (Sonata in C, Op. 2, Beethoven); Louise Schierenberg, of Ehrenbreitstein (Rondo in A, Hummel, with orchestra); Johann Weingärtner, of Cologne (pianoforte piece of his own composition, and the *Allegro* of Beethoven's grand sonata in C major); and Theodore Frantzen, of Cologne (Mendelssohn's grand *Capriccio*). Some of these pupils were, likewise, remarkable for technical skill and style.

The examination of the organ-class was quite as excellent. There is not, probably, another musical institution in Germany, where this highly important branch of musical instruction is cultivated with such interest and success on the part of the pupils. Some of the young persons proved their skill on the pianoforte, the violin, and the organ as well; even some of the female pupils played the organ very prettily. Several organists' situations have been already filled by pupils of the Rhenish School of Music.

The violin-school, in which the spirit of the instruction given by F. Hartmann and Th. Pixis, snatched away prematurely from us, still prevails, was also proved to be most admirable. The violin-classes contain talented pupils, who promise much. Such are George Krill, of Cologne (variations by David); Oskar Jäckel, of Schweidnitz (original tarentella); Aug. Grüters, of Uerdingen, who plays likewise the organ and piano; Karl Mahes, of Cologne (variations for two violins by Kalliwoda); and, above all, Ferdinand Bach, of Bonn (sonata by Beethoven, with pianoforte variations by Viouxtemps), who, educated since

his twelfth year at this institution, has already advanced far on his artistic career, and at present, through the instruction and example of Joachim, whose priceless recognition and sympathy he has gained, will certainly be successful in reaching the highest position.

With regard to singing, nature must undoubtedly do the most, since she must even furnish the instrument itself, while no Amati or Stradivarius can lend his assistance. The results of the instruction in this branch are, therefore, only relative more than in any other. Mdlle. Emilie Garthe, of Deutz, merits the fullest acknowledgment; she is, in all respects, one of the most gifted female pupils in the institution. Her general musical education leaves nothing to be desired, the foundation of it reposing upon a musical nature, and a very industrious course of study. She sang several original songs, exhibiting very satisfactory talent. Her voice, it is true, is but weak, though in small rooms most agreeable, especially as she knows how to use it with a cultivated style in pieces adapted to it. We must, however, decidedly advise her not to go beyond this. It is a striking fact, and no good sign for the present age, that, by persons otherwise well taught, musically speaking, teachers and scholars, no regard is frequently paid to the difficulties which have to be overcome in florid singing, graceful ornaments, shakes, etc.; the true foundation for success in all these things is the perfect cultivation of tone; *c'est le ton qui fait la musique*, is true in every case, and more especially in that of singing; this is a study which, when discontinued or omitted, carries its own punishment with it. Hence the blameable fact of the fundamental note being clearly taken and yet followed by want of clearness in the succeeding scales, especially in descending, of jerking and screaming, instead of an artistic attack of the tone, in every degree of strength, of gulping of the notes, between the first and final point of runs, of shakes in thirds, of portamento slurring the tone over all intermediate intervals, etc., all which faults are at present more especially to be found on the stage.—Mdlle. Laura Marschalk, who is endowed with a fine voice, especially rich in the upper notes, has, during the last year, made, relatively speaking, great progress, especially as far as purity and certainty of intonation are concerned. Perhaps the routine of the stage will supply her with what she still wants more quickly than the school. The greatest vocal talent was exhibited by Herr Theodor Göbbels, of Aix-la-Chapelle. Possessing a true rich tenor, with all the freshness of youth, he will soon overcome, by continuous and hard study, all those shortcomings which still, here and there, obstruct his attacking and sustaining the note, which has prevented his tone from attaining the requisite uniformity. Despite the fact that Herr Göbbels, by his execution of great parts in oratorios and concerted music, has earned great and well merited applause, both in Cologne and the other Rhenish towns, as well as, a short time since, at Hamburg, we cannot look upon it as any real advance that his services have been so soon put into requisition. He certainly, even at the present moment, can do more than very many of a similar class; but we should wish to see him, after the musical Festival in Aix-la-Chapelle, devote the whole summer to the continuance of his studies. If he does, he will be enabled to enter upon his artistic career with great success.

The general musical education of the pupils is, as we have said above, very satisfactory. Several of them exhibited, in the tasks proposed at the examination, very considerable harmonic and contrapuntal skill, certainty in playing a ciphered bass (even female pupils) and tolerable readiness in playing scores at sight. Similarly, the concerted playing, partly pianoforte with accompanying instruments, and partly violin-quartets, was precise, and not deficient in musical feeling and proper expression.

The staff of professors at the Rhenish School of Music is, at present, composed as follows: Capellmeister, Herr F. Hiller (director, theory of composition, pianoforte); Royal Musik-Director, Herr F. Weber (vice-director, organ); Herr B. Breuer (violoncello, concerted playing); Herr F. Breuning (piano); Herr F. Derckum (harmony, violin); Herr A. Ergmann (piano); Royal Musik-Director, Herr Ed. Franck (piano); Concertmeister, Herr Grunwald (violin); Herr N. Hompesch (piano);

\* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

Dr. W. Müller (declamation, literature); Concertmeister, Herr Riccius (violin); Royal Musik-Director, Herr K. Reinthaler (singing); and Dr. E. Weyden (Italian). Secretary's Office, No. 35, Marzellenstrasse.

### A LETTER FROM RICHARD WAGNER ON FRANZ LISZT.\*

Zurich, Feb. 15th.

I AM almost bound to give you my opinion at somewhat greater length concerning our friend and his compositions for the orchestra; this can never be done by word of mouth, otherwise than aphoristically, and, at present, I should find this impossible, for some time at least. The desire to which you have on several occasions given utterance, to hear me for once express myself decidedly and deliberately concerning Franz Liszt, should properly, were I to wish to fulfil it now, embarrass me; since, as you know, only enemies speak the truth, while the judgment of a friend, and, moreover, of a friend who owes another what I owe Liszt, must necessarily be so much exposed to the suspicion of partiality, that there is scarcely any value to be attached to it. About this, however, I care little; for it strikes me that this is one of those maxims with which the world of mediocrity, or, as you wittily called them, of the "mediocrity," moved by the energetic cunning of envy, has surrounded itself as with unassailable ramparts, from behind which it calls out to everything or everyone of importance: "Stop till I, thy natural foe, have acknowledged thee!" Instead of this, I will trust to my experience that whoever waits for the recognition of his enemies to obtain a clear idea of his own object, must possess a great amount of patience, and a small cause for self-confidence. Accept, therefore, what I communicate to you, as the testimony of a man who, in speaking, brings nothing but a full heart to his task, and who, consequently, speaks as confidently as if either there were no maxims in the world, or as if they were all in his favour.

But there is something else which embarrasses me: namely, what I shall write to you. You were a witness of the wonderful manner in which Liszt elevated me by the execution and performance of his new works. You beheld me, all astonishment and delight that, at last, such things had been created and communicated to myself. You must certainly have, also, remarked how chary I was frequently of my words; and you no doubt looked upon this as the silence of one deeply moved, did you not? Such was certainly the case, in the first instance, but I must inform you that this silence is, also, at present produced in me by the consciousness, that is to say, by the conviction becoming more and more profound, that the most essential and most peculiar part of our views of things is uncommunicable in exactly the same proportion that they gain expansion and depth, and thus shun the medium of language—which does not belong to us, but which is merely given to us externally as something ready-made, in order to aid us in our intercourse with a world, which can really understand us exactly only when we take up our position entirely on the ground of the wants of common life. The more our views retire from this ground, the more laborious becomes all expression, until the philosopher, at the risk of not being understood at all, uses, properly speaking, language only in its reversed sense, or as the artist flies to the wondrous implement of his art, which is altogether useless to common life, in order to create an expression for that which even then—under the most favourable circumstances—is, properly speaking, understood only by those who share with him precisely his own views. Now music is indisputably the medium corresponding best to the views incommunicable by language, and we might properly name the inmost essence of every view we take of things music. If, then, when Liszt performed his works to me, that communication, possible for music alone, was received by me, all was fulfilled, and any attempt to express myself regarding what was music because it could not be otherwise expressed must have struck me not only as foolish but impossible. Who has not, at some time or other, endeavoured to represent musical

impressions by means of words. But only those who do not receive the true impression at all can imagine they have succeeded; anyone, however, so full of this impression, like Liszt, for instance, when he wrote about music, has to struggle in his endeavours with exactly the same difficulties as Liszt had, and, after seeking to realize the Impossible by means of an art—such as was at the command of the genial musician alone—of linguistically-figurative expression, must perceive that by so doing he has made himself intelligible neither to the musician, on the same level of understanding as himself, nor to the purely literary reader, for the latter rewarded Liszt by rejecting his language and his phrase as unintelligible, unpalatable, superabundant, etc.

What, therefore, shall I say to you? On the whole, my resource must be a somewhat circumstantially justified representation of the impossibility of saying anything. This, however, will most affect the pith of the matter itself; for the description of that significance of the work of art which is turned towards the outer world, or for its formal part, our aestheticians and connoisseurs have collected so rich a store of expressions and manners of expression, that we really cannot be at a loss, until it becomes the question to describe precisely that which never struck the perception of all the above gentlemen. I will, therefore, talk to you about that side of Liszt's works on which they are turned towards, and by which they are, possibly, recognisable to the world. With this, however, you must be satisfied; for all the rest I refer you to the dead silence with which I listened.

I will, then, begin with the most outward point of all; with that as which the world regards Liszt. It knows him as a virtuoso, and that, too, in the full course of a most brilliant and successful career as such; that is enough for it to know what opinion to form of him. But now, through Liszt's retirement from this career, and his decided appearance in the character of a composer, the world is disturbed; what is it to think of this? It is, above all things, most inconvenient that such a circumstance never happened before, with a musician who has become classical, that is to say. It has, however, already happened that, for instance, a virtuoso, become rich at last, gives way to the ambition of wishing to be thought something of as a composer also; people have forgiven this as an allowable weakness, and so they are now on the point of pardoning the hero of the piano for his composing caprice, though naturally with the regret that he does not rather play. With all this, they are good enough to pass over in silence his new and great musical creations, and only some very highly embittered guardians of classical music forgot themselves and gave the reins to their bad humour. But we must not let that astonish us; it would be really very strange, had matters suddenly taken another turn. Who of us was not, at first, really prejudiced? We must, on that account, reproach ourselves with not having before penetrated sufficiently far into Liszt's inward being, or, at least, with not having formed a sufficiently clear idea concerning it. Whoever enjoyed frequent opportunities of hearing Liszt, especially when he played, for instance, Beethoven in a select circle, must long have perceived that the question was not one of reproduction but of actual production. To define exactly the point which separates these two spheres of action is much more difficult than persons generally suppose; of this much, however, I have become certain: that, in order to be capable of reproducing Beethoven, a person must be capable of producing with him. It might perhaps, be totally impossible to render this intelligible to those who never heard in their lives anything save our usual concert performances and virtuosos' rendering of Beethoven's works; into the worth and attributes of such performances I have, in the course of time, obtained so melancholy an insight, that I will offend no one by describing it at greater length. On the other hand, however, I ask all those, who, in a select circle, ever heard, for instance, Beethoven's 106th or 111th work\* (the two grand sonatas in B and C) played by Liszt, what they previously knew of these creations, and what, on the other hand, they now learn from them? If it was a case of reproduction, such production was, unquestionably, of greater value than all

\* From the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

\* The grand sonatas in B flat and C minor.

the sonatas reproducing Beethoven, which have been "produced" by our pianoforte composers in imitation of those still imperfectly understood works. But it was the peculiar mark of Liszt's education that he gave forth at the piano what others effected with pens and paper. Who, however, would deny that even the greatest and most original master only reproduced during the first period of his career? But we must here observe that, as long as even the greatest genius merely reproduces, his works can never themselves attain the value and importance of the works reproduced and of their authors; but full value and full importance first begins here. Liszt's efforts, however, in his first or reproductive period, so far exceeded everything previously done of a similar kind, inasmuch as he first displayed the value and importance of his predecessors' works in their fullest light, that he almost swung himself on to the same height as the composer reproduced. This peculiarity has, on account of its novelty, been almost entirely overlooked, and this is the reason of the astonishment at Liszt's new appearance, which is nothing more than the manifestation of the artist's productivity arrived at full maturity.

I tell you all this, because it was first through these reflections that I myself obtained a clear idea of the subject, and the astonishing problem contained in it. Perhaps, however, it is unnecessary, \* \* \*, that I should do so, because you, with the same instinct which guided Liszt in his development, have certainly guessed the true state of matters, while we men, who have, even when there is nothing to be done, so much to do with ourselves, in such cases frequently stand abashed before women. Still it may not, probably, be unimportant for you to enjoy, also, the man's privilege which, perhaps, consists in the fact of his bringing to the consciousness of himself and others, even although often at a late period, that which women previously felt unconsciously. My entire letter to you can have only this tendency.

By the unusual path peculiar to himself, Liszt now strikes me, by his productivity as a composer properly so called, during the last ten years, to have attained the full maturity of his power of artistic creation. If many are unable to comprehend that path, quite as few are capable of grasping the phenomenon suddenly displaying itself to us at the goal. As I have already said, it would be suspicious and bewildering if it were otherwise. Now, whoever has made up his mind as to the value of this phenomenon, and the uncommon abundance of musical power which greets us from out his great musical works, displayed before us as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand, will, most probably, be again in the first place bewildered by their form, and, after his first doubts have been devoted to the possibility of our friend's vocation as a composer, will, with respect to what is usual, be brought to doubt on a second point. You see that, true to my project, I am approaching my subject altogether from without, whence the world, also, is to approach it, and I thus touch only upon that which can, properly, be discussed, for the purpose of at last coming to the point on which probably it will not be possible to say anything. Therefore—to the "form."

Ah! \* \* \*, if there were no form there would certainly be no works of art; but most certainly, also, no art-critics: a fact so evident to them, that, in the anguish of their souls, they cry out for form; while the thoughtless artist, who, as we have already said, would, without form, be, after all, likewise nothing, cares not the least about it, when engaged in the task of creation. How does this come to pass? Probably because the artist, without knowing it, is always creating forms; while the others create neither forms nor anything else. Their outcry, according to this, seems to be that, besides creating everything, the artist should prepare something quite apart for these gentlemen, since they would not otherwise have anything for themselves. This favour is shown them only by such as can produce nothing for themselves, and—have recourse to forms, and what that means, we well know, do we not? Swords without blades! But when one comes who forges blades for himself (you see that I have just been in the smithy of my young Siegfried), the idiots cut themselves with them, because they clutch them clumsily, just as they before took hold of the empty handle held towards them;

they are naturally angry that the knavish smith keeps the handle in his own hand, as it is necessary to do in wielding a sword, while they cannot even see it, although that was all that was offered them by others. Do you see; this is the reason of all the lamentation about form! But did any one ever see a sword wielded without a handle? Does not, on the contrary, the sharp swing of the sword prove that it must be firmly fixed in a very steady handle? It is true that the latter is not visible or perceptible for others, until the sword is laid down; when the master is dead, and his sword has been hung up in the armoury, then people observe the handle also, and—as an idea—take it off the weapon, and yet cannot imagine that when any one else again comes to fight he must necessarily also carry his blade in a hilt. But so blind are people—let them go!

Yes, \* \* \*, it is so; Liszt, also, has no form. But let us rejoice at this, for if we saw the "handle," we should have cause to fear that he had, at least, the sword reversed in his hand, which, in this wicked hostile world, would be too great an act of gallantry, since we must strike sturdily, if we would be believed that there is a blade sticking in our hilt. But enough of joking, although we will remain a little longer on the subject of form.

After hearing one of Liszt's new orchestral works, I was involuntarily seized with joyful astonishment at the happy designation of it as a "Symphonic Poem" (*Symphonische Dichtung*). And, in truth, more is gained by the invention of this designation than people would, perhaps, believe; for it could only originate with the invention of the new artistic form itself. This sounds, without doubt, strange even to you, and, therefore, I will give you very distinctly my ideas about it.

In the first place, the average compass and title of separate orchestral works remind us of the "overture" of former masters, which had already obtained considerable expansion. What an unhappy designation this word "overture" was, especially for musical works, everywhere more happily placed than as the opening of a dramatic performance, has certainly been felt by all who have been compelled, especially after Beethoven's great example, still to give their compositions this designation. Not only use, however, but a compulsion, lying far deeper, sprang from the very form they employed. Whoever wishes to make himself master of this form, must repass in his mind the history of the overture from its origin; he will then see with astonishment that the question then turned on a dance, played in the orchestra as the opening of a scenic piece; and he will be obliged to admire what was undeniably effected in the course of time and by the most genial inventions of great masters. It is, however, not the overture alone, but every other independent piece of music which owes its form to the dance or march, and a series of such pieces, as well as a piece in which several dance-forms were combined, was called a "Symphony." The formal essence of the symphony still remains in its third movement, the minuet or *scherzo*, where it suddenly comes prominently forward with the greatest naïveté, as if to publish the secret of the form of all movements. By this, I would by no means depreciate this form, especially since we are indebted to it for so much that is astounding, but, rather, I would merely establish the fact that it is a very decided form, easily rendered irreconizable by confusion, and which, on account of this quality, requires strict care on the part of those who wish to express themselves in it, precisely as the dance itself does from the dancers. What, however, it has been possible to express in this form we see with the greatest ecstasy in Beethoven's symphonies, and in the most beautiful and satisfactory manner, particularly when he shaped his expression in entire accordance with it. But it was always disturbing in its effect from the moment it was employed as an overture—for the opening, or adoption of an idea, which could not follow in its manifestation the strict rule of the dance. This rule especially requires, instead of *development*, which is necessary for a dramatic subject, *change*, which has established itself, and that, too, from reasons lying deep in nature, for all forms sprung from the march or dance—according to the fundamental features—as the sequel of a softer and more tranquil period, after the more lively one of the beginning; and finally, as the repetition of the softer period. Without such a change and such a return, a symphonic movement, in the sense hitherto used, is out of the



question, and that which appears plainly in the third movement of a symphony as minuet, trio, and repetition of the minuet, is, although more obscurely (and especially in the second movement, tending more to the form of variations,) to be pointed out in every other movement as the very essence of the form. From this, however, it becomes evident that, in the conflict of a dramatic idea with this form, the necessity must arise of sacrificing the development (the idea,) to the change (the form), or the latter to the former. Once, as you may remember, I declared Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis* a model, because there the master, with the most certain feeling of the nature of the problem proposed, succeeded most happily in placing as an opening to his drama the change of the different frames of mind and their opposites, in accordance with the form of an overture and not the development which was impossible for this form. That, however, the great masters of subsequent times experienced in this a limitation, we plainly perceive, especially in Beethoven's overtures; the composer knew what an endlessly rich representation was possible for his music to effect; and he felt capable of carrying out the idea of development; no where do we see this more decidedly than in the great overture to *Leonore*. But whoever chooses to see, let him observe, precisely in this overture, how disadvantageous it must have been for the master to cling to these forms which had been handed down to him; for who, if he is capable of comprehending such a work, will not agree with me when I designate as its weak point the repetition of the first part after the middle movement, a repetition by which the idea of the work is distorted so as to be unintelligible, and the more so because in all the other parts, especially at the conclusion, the dramatic development is to be recognised as alone determining the master? Whoever possesses sufficient impartiality and sense to perceive this, will now be compelled to confess that this evil could only have been avoided by entirely doing away with the repetition in question; thus, however, overthrowing the overture form, that is to say, merely motivated, original, symphonic dance-form, and from this taking the starting-point for the creation of a new form.

What, however, would be the new form? Necessarily that always required by the subject and its representative development. And what is this subject? A poetical motive. Therefore—now start in alarm! "Programme music."

(To be continued.)

### THE MORAL THEORY OF MUSIC.

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

(Continued from page 269.)

Now I do not pretend to accomplish the extraordinary psychological feat of tracing the impressions of the composer through the inscrutable mysteries of musical effect to their resurrection in the listener, but it must be remembered that there is a certain law of harmony and propriety established by nature, which enjoins the same medium of expression which we are naturally impelled to adopt in relieving ourselves of emotion, to be at the same time the appropriate influence for inspiring the same in others. And thus I argue that the perception of the peculiar appropriateness of Music as a medium for relieving impressions of an *inclusive* character in the composer, explains its remarkable property of inspiring *different emotions* in each listener. In explaining further the meaning of the effect of Music I must refer the reader's attention to the fact I have previously endeavoured to establish, that "Music" is the highest exemplification of that principle of Tone and Phrase of which we discover the existence in ordinary human speech, and that this principle in itself is the only direct, original, and unalloyed language of human emotions. Of all the external evidences of inward emotion that our senses can become conscious of, the effect of this principle is the external evidence *most closely and immediately connected with the emotions themselves*, and whenever we become imbued with an impression by its *influence alone*, we receive this impression in the *most direct* manner that is possible. For when an emotion is imparted by describing, representing, or reproducing in some way the natural influence that first aroused it, then such an emotion is conveyed by means of a repetition, in

the listener, of that process which previously occurred in the speaker; but when the above emotion is imparted through the sole medium of the principle of Tone and Phrase, it is then conveyed by direct and unalloyed communication.

It must be remembered then that the principle of "Music," from its faintest to its fullest development, is of an emotional nature throughout, and also that to impart a grand and comprehensive inward impression, kindled by the successive contemplation of influences of a varied nature, is not only to *convey the feelings of the utterer*, but also to *express those of the listener*, who, in such cases is thus not only becoming duly conscious of the emotions of others, but is also expressing his own.

This consideration, then, still further explains the meaning of the effect of music upon us, for it accounts for that remarkable condition of the breast produced by the influence of music, which involves the rapture of reception with the relief of expression. It accounts for that wonderful property of sublime compositions that is, of whatever emotions their eloquence has produced, at once the inspiration and relief.

It is also this consideration of the thoroughly emotional nature and constitution of music that explains its remarkable and infinite *variety* of expression—an expression that can assume characters as directly opposite, as minutely distinctive, and as generally varied as the endlessly changeable aspects assumed by human emotion itself;—an expression that can assume a character, gay, cheerful, or pensive, sad, sorrowful, or passionate, fervent, pious, religious, or solemn, severe, grand, or sublime, with a peculiar faithfulness and facility, with such a natural truth and ease as unmistakably betrays the purely emotional origin of the influence of music in those simple, beautiful, and expressive exemplifications of tone, accent, and fall, which we perceive in ordinary speech.

But amidst all this variety of the character of expression that music admits of, amidst all the different orders of human emotions whose aspects the stream of music so clearly reflects, I feel deeply impelled to remark one order of emotions which the influence of music represents with most wonderful vividness and eloquence of interpretation, and with most remarkable pathos and grandeur of effect. I mean "religious emotion."

It must be felt by all who consider what they feel that that exalted temperament of the human feelings, kindled by the great and momentous influence of Religion, is echoed in the effects of music so eloquently, purely, faithfully, and worthily, as to leave all other mediums of emotional expression far behind. Painting can express so much of the character of religious emotion as can visibly appear in the aspect of the human countenance. Language can point out its presence by narrating those virtuous actions which it impels. It can signify where it resides by depicting all its amiable indications in the outward motions of life. Yes, language can point out, amidst all the varied ways that are so thickly ramified throughout this human plain, those paths where religious emotion passed over, and can show the brightness in which they shine and the glory in which they end. Words can represent the feelings of those with religious emotions in the action of such feelings upon the outward world, but the subtle emotion itself, in its great seat of existence within the human heart, in the deep rapture and sublimity of feeling attending its possession, they cannot, they *need not* express. Of all the different classes of sentiments that, kindled by the varied influences of life, become grafted in the heart of man, there is not one that when once planted, roots itself so deeply, largely, and abidingly as the religious order of impressions. There are no impressions that press so strongly upon the confines of the human breast that contains them, that imbue so forcibly their possessor with the disparity between the boundlessness, might, and eternity of their own nature, and that of the narrow, frail, and brief tenement that holds them.

(To be continued.)

THE HANDEL STATUE AT HALLE TO BE ERECTED IN 1859.—Her Majesty the Queen has granted her patronage to this undertaking, and has forwarded a subscription of £50 to the London Committee. H. R. H. Prince Albert has also become a patron, and has subscribed a sum of £25 towards the monument.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD and LAST**

**SOIRÉE MUSICALE**—Programme:—  
**PART I.**—Sonata, in A major, pianoforte and violin, Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Carrodus—Mozart; Aria, "Che Farò," Miss Lascelles—Gluck; Song, "The Garland," Mr. Charles Braham—Mendelssohn; Thirty-two variations on an original theme, C minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven.  
**PART II.**—Grand Sonata, B flat, Op. 106, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard—Beethoven.

**MR. ALFRED MELLON'S ORCHESTRA**, known in

London and the provinces as the **ORCHESTRAL UNION**, can be engaged for Concerts on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the evening; or Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the morning, during the season. For terms apply to G. Dolby, Esq., 2, Hyde-street, Manchester-square.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—Monday,

May 4th, Tuesday, and Wednesday, **THE BEAUX STRATAGEM**, **ATALANTA**, and **MY WIFE'S DAUGHTER**. In future the Prices of Admission to this Theatre will be—Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Second Price:—Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Lower Gallery, 6d. Commence each evening at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.**—Monday, May 4th,

a new Farce will be produced, entitled **FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN THE SEVEN DIALS**, supported by Messrs. Wright and P. Bedford. Mr. Webster will appear in the course of the week in a New Drama, entitled **JOSEPH CHAUVIGNY**, or, **UNDER THE THUMB**. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Monday, May 4th,

and during the week, **RICHARD THE SECOND**, preceded by **A GAME AT ROMPS**. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—Monday, May 4th,

and during the week **DADDY HARDACRE**; **A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING**; and **THIEVES! THIEVES!** Commence at half-past 7.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC will be resumed in our next.

**SPARKLE.**—Mr. C. Kenny, who gave a lecture at the *Mechanics' Institute*, Chancery-lane, on Wednesday week, is not Mr. C. Kenney.

**BEETHOVENIAN.**—Too late for this week.

**THE MUSICAL WORLD.**

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 2ND, 1857.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR,—The arrival of Madame Clara Schumann, the threatened visit of M. Rubinstein, the recent *quasi-fiasco* of M. Derfel at the Musical Union, the permanent sojourn in London of M. Klindworth, who can perform as many wonders and eccentricities *à la Liszt* as the Russian pianist himself, the universal attention recently drawn to high-class pianoforte music through the agency (why should the fact be withheld?) of Miss A. Goddard, who has been familiarising the world of music with the later and most recondite emanations from Beethoven's third period, the accident which deprived the metropolis for a time of the index and consummate talent of the Manchester pet (M. Hallé), the puffing of Director Ella, and the heavy criticism of the *Athenæum* (which "adds metallic solidity to the piquancy" of the "Analytical")—these and other important incidents which have lately filled our heads with pianofortes, pianoforte-music, and pianoforte players, induce me to address a few observations to the *Musical World* in close connection with the now-engrossing theme.

We must be careful not to be led away by false idols, and through the temporary amazement excited by curious, bold, and novel manipulation, lose sight of music in the contemplation of mechanical extravagance. The great school of fire-eaters has had its day. The master of them all—Liszt—has turned into a sort of field-preacher and tractarian, vociferating impossible theories until he is hoarse, and advocating them upon paper till his nocturnal lamp goes out,

and he reels to bed, inebriate with the metaphysical alcohol in which his rickety brain is steeped. Thalberg, the next best (a much more unassuming, a much less intellectual, and a much more calm and prudent man), finding that nobody in Europe cares one straw about *des mélodies sautées dans leurs propres arpèges*, and (to quote his own words) that "London has grown too classical" for him, has crossed the Atlantic to bewilder the Yankees (with the harmonium!) and ease them of their dollars, which he is doing to their satisfaction and his own enrichment. Döhler is gone from us; Henselt is too nervous to play in public; H. Herz makes pianos; Mad. Pleyel flits about, from Brussels to Paris and from Paris to Brussels, edifying the pert Frenchman on one hand and the dreary Fleming on the other, with the skating music from Meyerbeer's *Prophète* dished up by Dr. Liszt with a sauce or sauces peculiar to himself, and abandoning the purity of style she once possessed for a manner as false and artificial as it is unattractive; Leopold de Meyer is still Leopold de Meyer, whatever *dilettanti* of a certain taste may please to think of him; and Czerny, having published about 2000 works, not one of which is remembered, has nearly reached the mature age of 100.

And now that the world is in a great measure happily released of these, what have we left? Something infinitely worse, more vicious, and demoralising to music than anything ever promulgated by the before-mentioned *virtuosi*, who were real *virtuosi* after all, and not mere pretenders. Such a company of empty brawlers as the actual race of "lion-pianists" never perplexed mankind with confused notions of art, and false ideas of what should constitute an artist. Sir, there is not one true artist among them. Let me warn all genuine amateurs who love music for itself, and not for the means it offers, when perverted from its legitimate ends, for the pompous display of charlatanism and humbug, that these "new men," these *soi-disant* "pushers" and "shovers" of the art (into the pit of absurdity), will ere long make their way to England, and assail our hearths and our pianos with hammering, crashing, and an infinity of noises. Liszt may perhaps himself prepare the road for them by that flying visit which has been hanging over our heads for some time past. Then will follow a whole army of Liszts—tall, middle-sized, and brief, dark and fair, lean and adipose, with Liszt hair, Liszt gloves, Liszt gestures, and everything but Liszt fingers. The locusts that plagued Egypt were nothing to them.

I have been lately much abroad, and almost everywhere disgusted with the buffoonery that confronted me on all sides, impudently passing itself off for high art. I have heard men called "pianists" beat the piano as if it were an enemy, or at least "a donkey what would'nt go," forgetting that the tone which rejected their unruly touch was only coy by reason of their violence, and that not M. Erard, M. Pleyel, or M. Streicher was to blame, but themselves. Wait a bit, and you shall hear M. Rubinstein. I had that felicity in Paris, scarcely a fortnight since, and the impression upon me was that he smote rather than touched the keys of the instrument, reproached rather than caressed them—as who should say—"Pourquoi, animal! n'es tu pas orchestre? Tu n'as pas de son, fichtre! Pouang!" He has immense execution; but it is far more daring and insolent than finished. M. Bulow often reminds me of a Liszt in convulsions; M. Rubinstein of M. Bulow in convulsions. His principle, like that of Demosthenes, is "First, *action*—next, *action*—last, *action*,"—for never did I witness such an excess of action applied to a pianoforte. We shall see, however.



Director Ella will call him, in his "Record," "Emperor of pianists," and possibly he may achieve a great success, since, as I have hinted, his executive powers are surprising; and were his mechanism *purus*, in spite of the airs and graces and contortions with which he embellishes his performances through the aid of his personal individuality, it would be just as satisfactory as it is surprising. But in the quality of neatness he is wanting. And then his *music*! But let that speak for itself; you will, no doubt, be compelled to swallow some copious draughts of it. Provide yourself with antidotes.

I regret (and am astonished) to find that Mad. Schumann ("Queen of pianists")—who ought at least to adhere to her old traditions, if she cannot be expected to preserve all the perfection of her mechanical talent, after so long and arduous a career—I regret very much to find Mad. Schumann closely allied to this monstrous school, a school that has sprung from the eccentricities of Liszt, as

"Agarics and fungi, mildew and mold"

will spring from a neglected garden. The garden of the capaciously intellectual Liszt has been sadly neglected. The owner was to blame. He forgot to water the plants, to lop off the decaying branches, to annihilate the grubs, to loosen the earth, to trim the grass plot, scare the cats, throw the snails over his neighbour's wall, shoot the rubbish, and clear the pathways.

Hence the garden faded—the flowers withered—the pond was choked—the plants died—spiders multiplied—earwigs generated—sparrows and maggots ate up all the fruit. In the course of time, however, Liszt, suddenly awaking from a long lethargy, repaired to his garden, and beheld, in place of what was there before,

"Spawn, weeds, and filth—a leprous scum"—

the "scum" which now constitutes the modern school of piano-killers. But in the interval having attentively perused the books and enthusiastically listened to the music of Wagner, our Doctor (would he were a Friar!) who had become mentally blind and deaf, found all good in the intellectual garden he had sinfully abandoned. "How beautiful!" he exclaimed to the "agarics and fungi;" "How fresh!" to the "mildew and mold;" "How lovely!" to the "spawn and weeds;" "How fair and sweet-smelling!" to the "leprous scum." The poor benighted Liszt saw his own work, or rather the work of his own neglect, "shook wide his 'silver' hair," smiled a gloomy smile, and on his way to the house dreamed of regenerating music by means of the Wagnerian process—in his coat-tail pocket the *Kunstwerk* of the *Zukunft*, the weight of which retarded the briskness of his pace without his knowing the reason why. If Liszt could be made conscious of the wrong he has done to the art he professes, or professed, to venerate and love, he would perhaps repent and turn aside from his ways.

However, in England, a stand has been made against the Goths and Huns and Vandals whose mission is to destroy music and place discord on the throne. If Germany chooses to drink beer and be besotted, if young America delights in the music of the future before it has become familiar with the music of the past, England, at least, will exhibit its usual common sense, and fight the battles of the just cause against every species of barbarian. There must be no wavering in the contest, which is one of good against bad, of truth against sophistry, of music against clamor, chaos, and rhodomontade.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Manchester—"Mosley Arms,"  
April 30, 1857.

We have already congratulated the dramatic authors of Paris on their application to so able an adviser as M. Bouard. We now congratulate them on the accession of an English advocate—a certain luminous writer, who calls himself "B. W. W.," and whose field of operation is the *Theatrical Journal*.

As it is just possible that the majority of our readers have never heard of the *Theatrical Journal*, we take the opportunity of stating, that it is by no means a work of yesterday, but that, on the contrary, it attained its 906th number on the 22nd ult. Not to know the *Theatrical Journal*, is to be ignorant of one of the most remarkable phenomena of the day.

To return to "B. W. W." He is, in the truest sense of the word, an advocate. Among the chief virtues proper to this calling, is a thorough sympathy with the client, that almost destroys personal identity. The good advocate almost fancies, during the time of the pleading, that he himself is the party chiefly interested.

Quite in this spirit does "B. W. W." espouse the cause of the French authors. He feels that his clients are foreigners, and to show his sympathy we doubt not he would gladly have defended them in their own tongue. But then his readers are Englishmen, in whom a knowledge of French cannot be presupposed. He, therefore, consulting both parties alike, with admirable delicacy, writes in a language which is neither French nor English, but which is sufficiently analogous to the latter to be intelligible to a British public.

We give a specimen:—

"If our crack critics would only bring themselves down, instead of parading their superior intellect and judgment (?) in a theatrical production, playwrights would see their way clear and feel encouragement; but playwrights, unless compelled from necessity, will not write when the end of their labour is disheartened by pompous critics who wield the pen without mercy, and sometimes without judgment."

The "compulsion from necessity," and the "disheartened end," are exquisite samples of the manner in which an author may use English words, and yet write a completely foreign tongue.

Excess of zeal, though not always attended with good fortune, is always worthy of some admiration, when exercised in the cause of a client or a friend. The French writers complain that their works have been "translated" or "adapted" without any profit resulting to them therefrom. "B. W. W." laments that the Gallic talent has become subservient to the English dramatic "pillager," under the misnomer of "adaptor" or "translator." Of course if the words "translator" and "adaptor" are both *misnomers*, nothing has been translated or adapted, and therefore the case of the French authors is thrown away altogether. But who will not pardon—nay, more than pardon—a blunder that is the result of virtuous indignation?

For this error, venial as it is, "B. W. W." amply compensates by the admirable tact with which he affects to misunderstand the opposite party. The following passage, which he quotes from our columns, was of course intended to be ironical:—

"Even if the cause of 'Les Pauvres de Paris'—to be tried, we understand, in the Greek Kalends—should be decided against the interests of France—even if the French Ambassador should neglect to inform the British Government that a war will be the inevitable result of the net unsanctioned transfer from the Théâtre de Beaumarchais to the New Strand—still, there will be the 'authorized version' of the original piece, which, of course every manager will be anxious to purchase."

"B. W. W." is not to be fobbed off with a joke where the cause of his clients is concerned. He pretends to think that we were quite serious in our assertion, that every manager

will be anxious to purchase the translations of the "Bureau de Traduction," and with a burst of satisfaction he rejoins—"If managers are anxious, then, to purchase, all we have to say is—let them pay."

Long live the "Bureau de Traduction," with its indefatigable transcribers, its "homme éclairé" at the head of its affairs, and its other "homme éclairé" writing it up in the *Theatrical Journal*!

The merits and purposes of the Bureau de Traduction are pointed out with infinite care by "B. W. W.," who arrives at this remarkable result:—

"But then there arises to our mind the questions, Will the managers consider the translation worth his money? Will the announcement of an 'authorized' version from the Bureau de Traduction sound so well and fall with such delight upon the playgoing population as a pirated adaptation by Mr. Oxenford, Mr. Tom Taylor, or Mr. Sterling Coyne? Certainly not, the manager will inwardly exclaim unto himself, and in all probability his breeches pocket will be buttoned."

Quite true, "B. W. W.;" but it was rather cruel to raise the hopes of your clients by the opening of your article, and then to damp them with the grim figure of a London manager with breeches-pockets buttoned.

We shall make a point of taking in the *Theatrical Journal* (it only costs a penny) every week. Merit should have its full reward.

MDLLE. ALBONI has arrived in London, and will make her first appearance.

GREENWICH.—Mr. Charles Salaman completed a course of two lectures on music in connection with the dance, on Tuesday evening, at the Lecture-hall. The audience was numerous and at the end of the last lecture testified their approbation of the entertainment presented to them by loud and continual cheers. The announcement of the History of the Art of Music at a future lecture was received with loud applause. Mr. Salaman was assisted by Miss Ellen Williams as a vocalist, and Herr Deichmann violinist, the lecturer himself presiding at the pianoforte.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, was given in the above rooms on Tuesday evening. The programme—with one exception—was entirely made up of popular pieces. The instrumental feature was Beethoven's sonata in A minor (Op. 47), for pianoforte and violin, admirably executed by Mr. Lindsay Sloper and M. Sainton. Moscheles's fine duet for two pianofortes, "Hommage à Händel," was also a distinguishable item in the programme, and was performed with great effect by Messrs. Benedict and Lindsay Sloper. The greatest applause of the evening was won by Mr. Sims Reeves in his two solos—"Quando le sere," from Verdi's *Luise Miller*, and Balfé's highly popular ballad, "Come into the garden, Maud"—both of which he sang with exquisite refinement and taste, and both of which were rapturously encored. There were also among the vocalists Mad. Gassier, Miss Stabbach, Miss Dolby, Mr. Weiss, and a Signor Guliemo, from the Italian Opera, Vienna. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir sang fourpart songs, and was encored in Kücken's "War-Song." The concert, which was under the direction of Prince Albert, was fully and fashionably attended. We call attention to the following statement prefixed to the programmes, as it may have some weight with the charitably disposed, and may incline all waverers to come forward in so good a cause:—

"The great value of the Institution to the poor—St. Mary's being the only Hospital in or near this densely populated district—is daily becoming more apparent, since, while great numbers of patients are constantly refused admission, for want of accommodation, many thousands are relieved as out-patients; and the thankfulness expressed by these poor persons, while most gratifying to the governors, affords convincing proof of the great amount of good effected."

The artists, we understand, all gave their services gratis, whereby no inconsiderable sum has been added to the funds of the Hospital.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

*La Traviata* was repeated for the second time on Saturday, followed by *La Esmeralda*. Being a subscription night, the house was more numerous and fashionably attended than on the Thursday.

As we anticipated Sig. Giuglini came out with double force in one of Rubini's parts. *I Puritani* was revived on Thursday, for the purpose of introducing Mdle. Ortolani, a young *prima donna* from Lisbon, in the part of Elvira, but the eminent success of the evening was that of Sig. Giuglini, who created a *furor* in the part of Arturo.

Mdle. Ortolani was, to all appearance, exceedingly timorous during the whole of the performance, and at the commencement almost broke down in the duet with Georgio. The audience, who were by no means indulgent, hearing a thin voice singing out of tune, naturally contemplated a failure. They were, nevertheless, agreeably disappointed. The fair singer gained courage as she proceeded, and sang the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," with so much brilliancy and finish in the Persiani school of vocalization, that she was unanimously encored. The tables were turned, and Mdle. Ortolani achieved a success just at the moment everybody was calculating upon a *fiasco*. Such, indeed, was our own impression as the young lady stepped on the scene, veil in hand, to execute the *morceau* so closely associated with the name of Guilietta Grisi. Mdle. Ortolani's voice is a high *soprano*, in quality something akin to that of Mad. Bosio, but more light, and not so penetrating. It possesses great compass in the upper register, and the highest notes are clear and true. There is no doubt she is an adept, as far as her means admit, in the florid school of vocalization. As we shall have an opportunity of hearing the singer again this evening in the same part, we shall reserve further details until next week, and merely add that Mdle. Ortolani is full of intelligence in her acting in spite of certain crudities of mannerism, that she is slight in form and pleasing in appearance.

Perhaps there is no part in the whole range of the opera so difficult for a tenor to succeed in as Arturo. Written for an exceptional voice, and for one of the greatest of singers, it demands every excellence of vocalisation, the most refined expression, the most intense pathos, and a perfect command of the voice. Never did composer fit a singer to greater perfection than Bellini did Rubini in this instance. Hence, when Rubini quitted the stage, Arturo would have left it with him but for Mario, who, through the force of genius and exquisite singing, recreated the part in a new manner.

The tenor solos in "A te, o cara," on Tuesday evening, though exquisitely sung by Signor Giuglini for the most part, and given with intense feeling and irreproachable taste, were not perfect. The first verse came nearest to perfection. In the repeat the high note in the falsetto left something to be desired, and the *rallentando* at the end was a little overdone—an unusual thing with Signor Giuglini, be it observed, who seldom indulges in *final* displays. The retort to Riccardo, who fancies that Arturo is carrying off Elvira, "Sprezzo o audace,"—one of Mario's electric bursts of passion—was not, perhaps, sufficiently energetic, and the tenor left the scene without creating a corresponding sensation to that produced by "A te, o cara,"—which, by the way, was encored. The third act is almost entirely assigned to Arturo, and here Signor Giuglini created a sensation almost impossible to describe. His first recitative, "Son salvo, alfin son salvo,"—one of the most expressive Bellini has written—arrested attention at once. In the *romanza* "A una fonte," which Arturo sings after Elvira, Signor Giuglini created a *furor*, and the whole house broke forth into enthusiastic applause, which continued until the singer commenced the repeat. The duet with Elvira, "Vieni fra le mie braccia," too, was equally a success, and exhibited more energy than we had yet witnessed in Signor Giuglini. The "Ella è tremante," however, surpassed all that had gone before; and in this expressive *morceau*, Signor Giuglini, in our opinion, reached perfection. The beauty of the voice, the finish of the singing, the different shades of emotion—tenderness, sorrow, despair—and earnestness combined, were enough indeed to arouse the dullest of audiences. But the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre is not generally dull

and that of Tuesday evening, though somewhat apathetic in the beginning, was excited in an unusual degree. Even the oldest *habitues*, who live upon reminiscences of the "Puritani Quartet," cheered Giuglini. The success of the new tenor was immense.

Of Signors Belletti and Beneventano, who played the parts of the two basses, we may be allowed to quote the very apposite words of a morning contemporary, that "Signor Belletti had not weight enough for the part of Georgio, and that Signor Beneventano had too much weight for Riccardo." Of the latter artist a correct notion may be entertained, when we say that he is the antipode of Tamburini.

The enchanting Pocchini was not dethroned by all this excitement and success. Few left the theatre before they had caught a glimpse of her airy graces and drank in her entrancing movements. To-night a new *tableau* from *La Esmeralda* will be produced for her, and no doubt a new triumph awaits the new star of the Ballet.

Alboni has arrived and will make her first appearance this season either in the *Barbieri* or the *Trovatore*, in either of which operas the great *soprano-contralto* will once more enrapture the public. To this peerless songstress—without disparagement to any fair artist of the establishment—may we not apply the words of an old poet, who thus sang the praises of the mistress of the skies:—

"You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies,  
What are you when the moon shall rise?"

For is not Alboni the moon among the stars of Her Majesty's Theatre?

*La Traviata* was announced for Thursday, but no performance having taken place that evening, in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Gloucester, the opera was given last night instead, with *La Esmeralda*.

To night, *I Puritani* will be repeated for the second time.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

*La Favorita*, the best of Donizetti's serious French operas, although by no means the best opera of Donizetti, was given on Tuesday night, with the same cast as in 1856. The performance might be described in almost the exact words which chronicled the event last year. What was good then was good now, and what was indifferent then was not a bit less indifferent on the present occasion—which is as much as to say that the first three acts, in spite of certain exceptional passages, went off, as is invariably the case wherever and however *La Favorita* may be executed, rather flatly, while the fourth and last act was listened to with eager interest, and excited real enthusiasm.

At the Royal Italian Opera, it is scarcely necessary to say, the success of *La Favorita* depends upon Grisi and Mario, and the success of Grisi and Mario, in a great measure, upon the final scene, which, both from a dramatic and musical point of view, is beautiful enough to have rescued a much more dreary and prolix work from oblivion. It can hardly be questioned that Donizetti composed the first three parts of the opera with his head, while the rest came spontaneously from his heart, and endowed the world with something even more genuine and expressive than *Lucia di Lammermoor* itself, for there is as much true music and as much intense feeling in the cloister scene of *La Favorita* as in the whole of that earlier essay, generally recognised as the *chef-d'œuvre* of its author. The singers, too, must be fully conscious of this. A certain lassitude, occasionally bordering upon apathy, seems to influence them (as well as the audience) up to the moment where Ferdinando, conscious of the dishonorable union into which the King, to be quits with Leonora, has inveigled him, repudiates his badge and breaks his sword in two (*finale* to Act III.), operating as a kind of "wet blanket" on their efforts. From this incident, nevertheless, Donizetti, previously unequal to his subject, rises with it, and may be said to have done even more for the poet than the poet for the musician.

Nothing in its way can be finer than the last act of *La Favorita*,

and never were its beauties, histrionic and musical, revealed with more perfect success than by the Leonora and Ferdinando of Tuesday night. The pathetic, romantic, and, before all, truly *natural* performance of Grisi and Mario in this exquisitely touching scene has been so frequently described that to follow it in detail would be to go over old and beaten ground to little purpose. The *romanza*, "Angiol d'amore," sung with a vocal purity and a fervour of expression not to be excelled, obtained for Mario an encore so spontaneous that he was compelled to repeat it. The acting of Grisi was beyond praise. Points out of number might be singled out for eulogy; but we must be satisfied to mention the exclamation—"Qual voce? à lui!" where the penitent Leonora hears the voice of Ferdinando within the precincts of the church just at the instant of his taking the irrevocable vow; the mental prostration that ensues, the manner in which she crawls along the stage until she sinks exhausted at the foot of the cross, and last, not least, the rapture with which she listens to the avowal of her forgiving husband, who loves her in spite of himself, and forgets her dishonour in his ungovernable passion—one and all of which were as incomparable as ever. The death was most affecting, and the more so as there was an entire absence of exaggerated gesture and demeanor that characterised its delineation.

Mario was in every way worthy of his gifted partner, his acting being quite on a par with his singing, which, from the very first scene—where the graceful air, "Un angelo," occurs—was in his best and most finished style.

Signor Graziani, as King Alphonso, was less regal than vocal; his chief claim to consideration being the expressive manner in which he sang the romance, "A tanto amor," which the audience appreciated warmly. M. Zelger presented a very substantial embodiment of the chief monk, Baldassare, giving the music carefully and well; and Signor Soldi rendered himself conspicuous to a fault in the scene where Don Gasparo and the other courtier taunt Ferdinando upon his unworthy marriage. The execution generally was admirable, and the curtain fell amid unanimous plaudits and a hearty recall for Grisi and Mario, the members of the orchestra, without exception, joining the audience in the demonstration.

In consequence of the death of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, which occurred on Thursday morning, all the theatres were closed. The *Trovatore* was given last night instead.

To-night Madame Cerito makes her first appearance in a new *ballet divertissement*. The opera is *Lucrezia Borgia*.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Second Series of Grand Concerts given by the principal singers, band, and chorus, of the Royal Italian Opera, commenced yesterday, as before, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The opening entertainment fully sustained the popularity achieved by the first series last year. We are prevented this week, by the accumulation of matter, from entering into details. Enough for the present to state, that the new concert-room was crowded with a brilliant assemblage in every part, that the programme was of the average excellence, and that the performance throughout afforded unanimous satisfaction.

CHELTEMHAM.—Mr. Finlayson's Concert at the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, was numerously attended. Mrs. Clare Hepworth, whose first appearance at the Gloucester Festival last autumn created so favourable an impression, improved that impression by her singing on this occasion, particularly in the trio, "Do not leave," with Mrs. Lockey and Mr. Thomas, in which she was heard to great advantage. "Robert, toi que j'aime," accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür, was, perhaps, a little too severe an effort for a voice as yet in the infancy of its development; but the manner in which it was rendered bespoke careful and diligent cultivation. Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, in the duet of "The Exile's Home," elicited a hearty encore. Mr. Lockey sang the ballad, "Something to love me," most charmingly. Mr. Thomas sang Verdi's "Il balen" remarkably well. Mr. Huxtable officiated as conductor; the duet for piano and harp, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, performed by that gentleman and Herr Oberthür, was loudly encored.



## NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert was a good one, and the selection contained two fine pieces, which, although written three-quarters of a century since, had all the charm of novelty—the pianoforte concerto of Mozart performed by Miss Arabella Goddard, and the Duo Concertante for violin and viola, by the same composer, entrusted to M. Sainton and Mr. Blagrove. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.			
Overture (Coriolanus)			Beethoven.
Aria, "Ah! perfido," Madame Rudersdorff			Beethoven.
Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard			Mozart.
Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Armida), Mdle. Solari.			Handel.
Symphony in A			Beethoven.
PART II.			
Duo Concertante, violin and viola, Mons. Sainton and Mr. Henry Blagrove			Mozart.
Aria, "Va, dit elle" (Robert le Diable,) Mdme. Rudersdorff			Meyerbeer.
Overture (Der Freischütz)			Weber.
Conductor—Dr. Wylde.			

The *Coriolanus* is the profoundest and the grandest of Beethoven's orchestral overtures. The enthusiasm with which it is apostrophised by our contemporary, *The Morning Post*, is quite contagious, and we cannot resist quoting his remarks *in extenso*:—

"It has been said of it, 'Elle ajoute à l'idée de la grandeur romaine,' and it certainly does throw an immortal splendour around the memory of one of Rome's greatest heroes, such as no historian—not even a Livy—could surpass. Words might doubtless describe his career with perfect accuracy, but a psychological art-like music can alone give voice and expression to the sentiments and emotions which agitate the human breast. Tone, accent, and rhythm are required to give vitality to any expression of character—without these the picture, however true in outline, must remain cold and imperfect. Do we wish to know what *Coriolanus* said and did? we must look to words for information; but if we would know the inmost feelings of his heart which prompted all his acts, and sustained him in all his sufferings—which were the source of all that history can but describe, we may turn with confidence to the wondrous tone-poem of Beethoven. We do not envy the man who cannot feel in the very first bars of the overture to *Coriolanus* the strong pulsation of a mighty heart—the breathing of one of nature's kings, born to command his fellow men, though doomed to struggle with the adverse circumstances which surround the career of one upon whom fortune has bestowed nothing beyond the grand mission, that 'heritage of woe,' which his own indomitable will can alone accomplish. We firmly believe that no composer but Beethoven (who was a *Coriolanus* in his way) could have written even the opening bars of this stupendous overture. It is great—ah! how great we cannot tell, because we are neither Johnson, nor Addison, nor Lessing, nor Macaulay; and time presses, and we fail in the affliction of vain words to express all that is within us. Those wonderful notes—that perfectly Homeric or Miltonic passage at the commencement, where the empty unison on C so completely depicts in sound the void presently to be filled by heroic action in the life of the hero; and its sudden tremendous rise to the full chord of F minor, in the transition to which the author seems to have found the lever which Archimedes vainly sought—mere mechanic as he was—to raise the world, how inexpressibly grand it is! Its repetition twice, with increased force and confidence, terminating with still more potent chords, appears to be but so many confirmations of the first gigantic impression. Then follow all the struggles of the man who, 'like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered your Volscies in Coroli'—all the sublime emotions of one who felt the burthen of a mighty destiny upon him, and who, although a son of the people, hated the 'common cry of curs' as 'reek' of the rotten fens—who said to ungrateful Rome, 'I banish you,' cursed her, joined her enemies, and yet loved her in his heart of hearts, such was a hero's inconsistency. But was there no excuse for him? Listen to that divine soul-searching melody, now in E flat, now in C. Does it not speak of Veturia and Volumnia, the wife and mother of the exiled patriot? Does it not glide in like an unexpected ray of sunlight upon all the storm and fury of his mind, reviving all the withering flowers of tenderness within his hardened heart, and winning him back to love and mercy, even at the sacrifice of his own life? We repeat that no history—no literary poem could more completely or beautifully express the character and career of *Coriolanus* than does this prodigiously great overture by that musical

Prometheus, Beethoven; and all who have ears to hear, and brains to understand, will agree with us."

The only fault we had to find with the execution by the fine band under Dr. Wylde's direction, was at the end. The overture closes impressively with fragments of the principal theme, presented through the medium of a gradual *rallentando*. The *rallentando* was not gradual enough, nor—if we may so express ourselves—*rallentando* enough.

The glorious Symphony, No. 7, although performed with wonderful vigour and animation, was frequently chargeable with a want of light and shade, which, as it was obtained in many places, ought properly to have been missed from none. The *scherzo* and *trio* went best; but the entire symphony gave satisfaction to the audience, and the applause at the end of each movement was unanimous.

The *Duo Concertante* of Mozart pleased even more than last year, was executed by M. Sainton (whose public playing of late has been beyond all praise,) and Mr. Blagrove (a thorough adept on the viola, accomplished violinist though he be,) if possible in a still more admirable and effective manner, and relished by the audience with triple gratification. The more familiar such works become, the more they must of necessity be liked. Dr. Wylde deserves a gold medal from the musical community for having been the first to drag so ingenious and splendid a composition from oblivion.

Miss Arabella Goddard came forward just as much at home, just as much in love with, and just as equal to the interpretation of Mozart's music as of that of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. "We are informed," says the *Daily News*, "by the book of the concert, that we 'owe the introduction of Mozart's pianoforte concerto to the classical taste of Miss Arabella Goddard.' Her choice does her honour, for it is a gem of the purest water, a delicious combination of simplicity, melody, and rich variety of orchestral combinations. Miss Goddard's playing was a model of clearness, grace, and expression, and afforded as ample a proof of her possessing the soul of a true artist, as even her marvellous execution of the utmost difficulties of Beethoven."

A morning contemporary\* gives a detailed account of the concerto itself, of other matters directly or indirectly connected with it, and of Miss Goddard's faultless playing, the transcription of which to our own columns will be accepted as an apology for any further remarks of our own:—

"Among the very greatest works of Mozart is the pianoforte concerto in C minor—one of those unaccountable things which the richly-gifted musician used to sketch out in passing from town to town, when he travelled for the purpose of giving concerts, and commit to paper, on arriving at his place of destination, with incredible rapidity. Such a concerto, without reference to the originality and beauty of its ideas, but solely regarding its large construction and elaborate contrapuntal development, would occupy an ordinary composer—any composer now living—a year at least to plan and to complete; but in all probability it took Mozart, like others of its class—and, among the rest, the unsurpassable D minor—something more or less than three days. Mozart was accustomed to write down the orchestral score of his pianoforte concertos, and trust to the moment for his own (the most difficult) part, which he would often extemporize, and subsequently hand over to the engraver with scarcely a bar resembling what he had already played. Such was the unexampled fertility of his invention that he was never at a loss; his ideas flowed so fast that if he had bequeathed a tenth part of them to the world his printed compositions would, in all likelihood, have been multiplied tenfold! About the concertos of Mozart a question has arisen of considerable gravity. Several respectable authorities insist that the printed pianoforte part was a mere skeleton, intended by the composer to be filled up (after his own fashion) according to the taste of the performer and the inspiration of the instant. Others assert the contrary; and we believe with reason. To accomplish the former would require a genius and musical experience equal to those possessed by Mozart himself; and Mendelssohn, who, if anyone could have accomplished the feat, was just the man to achieve it—the only one, in short that two generations have produced—held the opposite opinion, and in his public performances of the concerto in D minor always limited his improvisation to the cadenzas authorized and suggested by the pauses in the first and last movements. The last time the C minor concerto was played in England the pianist was Mr. (now Professor)

Sterndale Bennett, Mendelssohn's intimate friend and most eminent disciple, who rigidly adhered to the example of Mendelssohn and the text of Mozart. Miss Arabella Goddard, to whom its execution was confided last night, did well to accept such precedents as canonical. Her performance added another to the many laurels she has gained in the cause of good music, for which, young as she is, she has done wonders. The ornaments and *floriture* she introduced were confined to the slow movement, and these were not only very few, but sanctioned by the authority of Hummel and John Cramer. The *cadenza* in the *allegro* was from Hummel, that in the *finale* from Cramer—and both were executed with a perfection that would have cast no discredit on either of those renowned professors. Miss Goddard's playing was everywhere masterly and pure, the *allegro*, the *andante*, and the final variations being each distinguished by its proper character, the vigorous energy of the first, the unaffected and chaste expression of the second, and the varied and fanciful playfulness of the last completely realising the musical picture designed by Mozart, and imparting a fullness of meaning to the whole which left nothing to be desired. Her success was the worthier since during her entire performance she appeared much more desirous of giving effect to the music than of drawing attention to her own executive powers, which were made subservient to a legitimate end throughout. The audience were listening with eager interest to Mozart's admirable concerto, heedless of the player; and only at the end of each movement the conviction of how perfectly it had been rendered was expressed in unanimous and enthusiastic plaudits. This was an *artistic triumph* in the strictest sense of the word."

Mad. Rudersdorff gave the magnificent scena of Beethoven with elaborate expression. The romance of Meyerbeer is less in her way. Mdlle. Solari has a lovely *contralto* voice, which is well worth cultivation, and her singing, although at present leaving something to desire, evinces both sentiment and feeling.

The overture to *Der Freischütz*—Weber's best—superbly played, brought the concert to an end with *éclat*. Dr. Wyldé was warmly received.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—This society gave a performance of Händel's *Judas Maccabeus* in the Lower Hall on Monday evening. The principal vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. Cummings, Mr. J. W. Morgan, of Rochester Cathedral, and Mr. Wallworth, with a band and chorus of about 100 performers. The instrumental department was strengthened by Messrs. Tolbecque, Newsham, Glanville, W. Pettit, Cubitt, Curd, jun., and Chipp. Mr. Surman conducted. The hall was well filled by the subscribers and their friends.

THE LATE MR. LEFFLER.—A concert was given on Wednesday evening, at Exeter Hall, for the benefit of the family of Mr. Leffler. The following artists volunteered their services:—Mesdames Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, Rudersdorff, Lemmens Sherrington, Mary Keeley, Palmer, and Leffler; Messrs Sims Reeves and Allan Irving, vocalists; and Messrs. Blagrove, Osborne, H. Bohrer, Alberto Raudegger, Lemmens, and Lindsay Sloper, instrumentalists. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir also gave their gratuitous aid. The hall was not crowded, owing principally to the counter attraction of the New Philharmonic, and the sum realised for the bereaved family did not amount to what was expected.

YORK, APRIL 30TH, 1857.—(From a Correspondent.)—The last of the series of People's Concerts was given in the Festival Concert Room, last night, to an overflowing audience. Miss Jenny Ellison made her first appearance in public. She has a fine clear voice of two octaves from A to A—the lower notes full and rich. She also possesses that rarest merit in an English singer of expressing her words clearly. It is yet to be seen whether her singing or pianoforte playing is best. In the duet "Forget thee," with Mrs. Sunderland, her voice was fully equal to the part. Mrs. Sunderland, as usual, gave universal satisfaction. Mr. Delavanti kept the company in good humour, and was encored in all his songs. The oboe playing of Sig. Baracelli, in the overture *The Emigrant*, by Mr. R. Hunt, and also in Rossini's *William Tell*, met with continued plaudits. The concert concluded at eleven o'clock with "God save the Queen," the audience numbering about 2000.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCE.—The second came off at the New Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday evening. The programme was remarkably good, comprising Mozart's quartet in G minor, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; G. A. Macfarren's quintette in the same key, for piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabasso; Mendelssohn's *Andante Convariazioni* (Op. 83), for two pianofortes, with contributions from the works of Beethoven, Sterndale Bennett, Stephen Heller, and the composer himself. Mr. Walter Macfarren displayed great ability in all his performances, and was loudly applauded after each piece. One of the most interesting features of the concert was Mendelssohn's duo for two pianoforte performers, played with great effect by Mrs. John Macfarren and Mr. Walter Macfarren. The vocal music was sung by Miss Dolby, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss. Miss Dolby sang two compositions by the concert giver, as did also Mrs. Weiss, from which we may select a manuscript song, called "A widow-bird sat mourning for her mate." A trio by G. A. Macfarren—a charming composition called "Nora"—was sung to perfection by Miss Dolby and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Walter Macfarren was assisted in the instrumental department by Messrs. Louis Ries (violin), Richard Blagrove (viola), Aylward (violoncello), and C. Severn (contrabasso). The room was full.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, LOSS OF VOICE, IRRITATION of the BRONCHIAL TUBES, cured, and a perfectly Clear Voice produced by the use of Wilkinson, Bridge and Co.'s BRONCHIO-THORACIC LOZENGES, prepared from a receipt of one of the most eminent Physicians of the day.

They are especially useful to Vocalists, Members of Parliament, Clergymen, Barristers, Public Speakers, &c., and, as a general Cough Lozenge, unequalled. Prepared only and sold in boxes at 1s. and 2s. 6d.; also in tins, at 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 20s. each, by Wilkinson, Bridge, and Co., Chemists, at Bridge's celebrated Sarsaparilla; and Ginger and Camomile Depot, 270, Regent-street, London, W.

Just Published, Price 8s.

THE FORMATION AND CULTIVATION of the VOICE for SINGING, by ADOLFO FERRARI. To be had at his residence, Devonshire-lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place; also at Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; Leader and Cocks', 63, New Bond-street; and all the principal Music-sellers.

## LES BOUFFES PARISIENS.

The following Operetti, performed by the Company of the BOUFFES PARISIENS, may be had of Boosey and Sons, Holles-street. Six Shillings each.

- 1.—LA NUIT BLANCHE.
- 2.—DEUX VIEILLES GARDES.
- 3.—L'IMPRESSARIO.
- 4.—LES PANTINS.
- 5.—TROMB-AL-CA-ZAR.
- 6.—LA ROSE.
- 7.—CROQUEFER.
- 8.—LES DEUX AVEUGLES.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co.'s NEWSPAPER FOR INDIA AND THE EAST, published fortnightly, for despatch by each Mail, via Marseilles.

## THE OVERLAND MAIL,

A SEMI-MONTHLY SUMMARY OF EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE, FOR INDIA AND THE EAST.

This Newspaper has been established by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & Co. for the purpose of conveying to residents in the Indian Presidencies and Eastern Settlements the latest news from Europe, by every mail despatched overland to India. It also affords copious and accurate information of that particular kind which is most interesting to Indian readers, but which, from not being generally found in English newspapers, has to be gathered from original sources.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER and Co. have secured for the Editorship of the "OVERLAND MAIL," the valuable aid of a gentleman of editorial experience both in India and England, who is thoroughly conversant with Indian affairs, and the author of several works of high character and popularity on subjects connected with Indian history and politics; and under his able management the "OVERLAND MAIL" affords satisfaction to a numerous and increasing body of subscribers, by whom its accurate, and well-arranged, and timely information on all topics of interest is found most acceptable.

The "OVERLAND MAIL" also contains an ample résumé of the Political Events of the past fortnight; copious Military and Naval Intelligence; a comprehensive Commercial and Monetary Article; the most interesting Legal Reports; an Abstract of Sporting Events; occasional Special Reviews of the most important New Works; an account of the Progress of Science and Art; a brief Report on all the noticeable Publications of the fortnight; and a short description of New and Useful Inventions: together with Literary, Artistic, and Social Chat-Chat, embodying the current *on dits* and varied gossip of Society and the Club.

The subscription to the "OVERLAND MAIL," including postage, is twenty-four shillings per annum, payable in advance.

Subscribers' names and remittances are received by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65, Cornhill, London.

## DAS PIANOFORTE.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF CLASSICAL AND MODERN

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS,

Published by EDUARD HALLBERGER, in Stuttgart,

Under the Superintendence of

DR. FRANZ LISZT.

## CONTRIBUTORS.

Bargiel, Benedict, Berendt, Bronsart, Büchner, Bulow, Czerny, Doppler, Dreyschock, Ehlert, Eschmann, Esser, Evers, Frank, Grädener, Grund, Heller, Hiller, Jaell, Jungmann, Kalliwoda, Kirchner, Köhler, Krüger, Kuhe, Kullak, Lachner, Mayer, Pacher, Radecke, Raff, Reinecke, Reissiger, Rosenhaim, Rubinstein, Schulhoff, Clara Schumann, Lindsay Sloper, Speidel, Taubert, Tedesco, Thalberg, Willmers, and others.

This collection will be published in monthly numbers at 2s. each. Subscribers to the first 12 Numbers to pay only 12s.

The first Two Numbers are out, and will contain—

No. 1.—Prelude ..... Franz Liszt.  
 " Morceau de Salon ..... Alexander Dreyschock.  
 " Dialogue Melodique ..... Louis Köhler.

No. 2.—Salon Stück ..... Jules Benedict.  
 " Nocturno ..... Carl Reinecke.  
 " Character Stück ..... Smetana.

TO BE HAD AT THE AGENTS:

J. J. EWER AND CO., 390, Oxford-street, London, W.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HENRI HERZ. s. d.  
 MARCHE ET RONDO sur des motifs de l'Opéra "Ernani," pour Piano, Op. 189 .. .. . 2 6

E. PRUDENT.  
 LA PRAIRIE, 2<sup>e</sup>. Concerto pour Piano, Op. 48 .. .. . 6 6

JULES SCHULHOFF.  
 AUBADE, pour Piano, Op. 42 .. .. . 2 6  
 AUPRES DU BERCEAU, pour Piano, Op. 43 .. .. . 2 6

C. M. VON WEBER.  
 CONCERT-STÜCK, full Score 8<sup>o</sup> .. .. . 10 6

L. VAN BEETHOVEN.  
 MESSE SOLENNELLE, in D, Pianoforte, Score 8<sup>o</sup>, cloth .. .. . 8 0

J. F. FÉTIS.  
 BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF NICOLÒ PAGANINI, followed by an Analysis of his Compositions, and preceded by a Sketch of the History of the Violin .. .. . 1 0

JULIUS SCHUBERTH.  
 MUSICAL HAND-BOOK for MUSICIANS and AMATEURS, a Miniature Encyclopædia, bound, fourth edition .. .. . 2 6

H. BLAZE DE BURY.  
 MUSICIENS CONTEMPORAINS .. .. . 1 6

W. D. LENZ.  
 BEETHOVEN ET SES TROIS STYLE. Analyses des Sonates de Piano suivies de l'essai d'un catalogue critique, chronologique, et anecdotique des œuvres de Beethoven, 2 vols. .. .. . 3 6

Sent postage free,

SCHOTT & CO.,  
 159, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO'S  
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SECOND EDITION OF

**THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE**, Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," "Villette," etc. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton," "Ruth," "North and South."  
 "The story of a woman's life, unfolded in this book, is calculated to make the old feel young, and the young old. . . . By all this book will be read with interest. . . . Mrs. Gaskell has produced one of the best biographies of a woman by a woman which we can recall to mind."—*Athenæum*.

JANE EYRE.  
 SHIRLEY.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF  
 VILETTE  
 WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

Six Shillings each.

POEMS. By CURRER, ELLIS, and ACTON BELL  
 Foolscap, cloth, price 4s.

IN THE PRESS.

I.  
**THE PROFESSOR.** By CURRER BELL, Author of "Jane Eyre," etc. In two volumes. [In May.

II.  
**THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LUTFULLAH**, a Mahommedan Gentleman. Edited by E. B. EASTWICK, Esq. Post 8vo. Early in June.

III.  
**A VISIT TO SALT LAKE**; being a Journey across the Plains to the Mormon Settlements, at Utah. By WILLIAM CHANDLER. Post 8vo. With a Map. [Just ready.

IV.  
**THE MILITIAMAN AT HOME AND ABROAD**; being the History of a Militia Regiment. With Illustrations, by LEECH. Post 8vo. [In May.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 65, Cornhill.

## NEW HARP MUSIC.

BY  
 GERHARD TAYLOR,  
 OF LONDON.

**MORCEAU À LA VALSE** (Espagnole), dedicated s. d.  
 to the Viscountess Monck .. .. . 3 6  
**DON PASQUALE**, "Com' d gentil," Serenade, arranged and dedicated to Miss Constance Sewell .. .. . 2 6  
**IL TROVATORE**, "Miserere," "Ah! che la morte," and "Per me ora fatal," dedicated to Mrs. Donovan .. .. . 3 0  
**POLKA**, (Favari d'Alary.) Varie, dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. P. Plunket .. 2 6  
**LA TRAVIATA**, "Brindisi," "Ah, forse," "Sempres, libera," &c., dedicated to Mrs. Hildyard .. .. . 3 0  
**VARIATIONS ON IRISH MELODIES**, known as "Coolin," and "The Minstrel Boy," dedicated to Miss Anna H. Trench .. .. . 3 0  
**FANTASIA ON IRISH MELODIES**, known as "The Harp that once," "Believe me, if all," and "The Meeting of the Waters," dedicated to Miss Ellen Waller .. .. . 3 0  
**DOCTOR STEWART'S** celebrated Exhibition Grand March, arranged and dedicated to Mrs. Plomer Young .. .. . 2 0  
**GRANDES VARIATIONS DE CONCERT**, sur un Thème original, as performed by the Author, with Orchestral or Pianoforte Accompaniments 5 0  
**TWENTY-FOUR Favorite Irish Melodies**, arranged in a familiar style, and dedicated to his Pupils in Ireland. In One Book, 6s., or Three Books, each .. .. . 3 0  
**GRAND WAR MARCH**, from Torrance's Oratorio, "Abraham" .. .. . 2 0

## DUETS FOR HARP AND PIANOFORTE.

**IL TROVATORE**, "Deserto sulla terra," "Il balen del suo sorriso," &c. .. 5 0  
**GRAND WAR MARCH**, from Torrance's Oratorio, "Abraham" .. .. . 4 0

PUBLISHED BY

MARCUS MOSES, 4 & 5, Westmoreland-street, Dublin.



## THE OPERA AND THEATRE.

PETER ROBINSON'S

18s. 6d.

OPERA CLOAK.

ALSO EVERY DESCRIPTION

UP TO

FIVE GUINEAS.

105, 106, and 107, Oxford-street.

## SHAWLS, DRESSES, &amp; CLOAKS

Of every Description, CLEANED, and the colours preserved. Black Dyed for Mourning every Wednesday, and finished in a few days, when required. Bed Furniture and Drawing-room Suits cleaned, dyed, and finished in the best style, by

SAMUEL OSMOND and Co.

8, IVY-LANE, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.

Established above a century. Orders by post promptly attended to.

## PARIS FASHIONS.

MADAME LEBARRE, Designer of Fashions for the Empress Eugénie, begs to state that her FULL-SIZED PAPER MODELS of all the novelties for the forthcoming Season are now ready, made up in the most brilliant colours, and the trimmings exact in every particular, so that the effect of the article, when made up, may be instantly seen. For the convenience of Ladies who do not visit Paris, MADAME LEBARRE has established an agent in London, from whom all her "New Models" may be had simultaneously with their appearance in the French capital.

12 Articles in box, including MANTELETS, BODIES, JACQUETTES, SLEEVES, and CHILDREN'S DRESSES, FULL TRIMMED .. .. . £1 1 0  
6 Ditto, ditto, box included .. .. . 0 10 6  
Or, FREE PER POST, IN PACKET, for .. .. . 0 11 6  
Single Models forwarded, POST FREE, to any part of the United Kingdom, at the following prices:—

MANTELETS, 3s. 6d.; BODIES, 2s.; SLEEVES, 1s. 6d.; JACQUETTE BODIES, 2s.; and CHILDREN'S PATTERNS, for boy or girl, 2s. each.  
Orders must be accompanied by a remittance (in post-office orders or stamps), payable at the General Post-Office, to ADELE LEBARRE.  
London Dépôt, 6, Wausford-place, Oakley-square, Camden Town, (N.W.), within ten minutes of the Great Northern and North Western Railways.

## MARITANA.

"THE MOST GRACEFUL MANTLE PRODUCED THIS SEASON."

FARMER AND ROGERS solicit especial attention to their NEW MANTLE, "The Maritana," acknowledged to be the most elegant and becoming shape of the season. A large variety of new and beautiful OPERA CLOAKS, FROM ONE TO TEN GUINEAS.

The Illustrated Book of Shawls sent post free on application to

FARMER AND ROGERS, 171, 173, and 175, REGENT STREET, W.

## FASHIONABLE PARISIAN MILLINERY, in the best Taste and Newest Materials.

Bonnets for the Season .....	1 1 0	Brides' Bonnets .....	1 1 0
Tulle ditto, for Fêtes .....	0 12 6	Mourning ditto .....	0 14 6

STRAW BONNETS, CAPS, COIFFURES, WREATHS AND FLOWERS,  
A great variety on view at the Show Rooms of J. and E. Smith, Patentees of the Caspiato or Folding Bonnet, which packs in a box 2 inches deep, and surpasses all bonnets for elegance, convenience, and lightness; prices as above. J. and E. Smith's system of measurement, sent post free, enables ladies to order their bonnets from all parts of the country with certainty of fit.

J. and E. SMITH.

161, REGENT-STREET, OPPOSITE BEAK-STREET, LONDON.

## 25 SHILLINGS FOR 1 SOVEREIGN.

(As compared with THREE-FOURTHS of the Houses in the Trade.)

SILKS,	FOR VALUE IN	MAINTLES,	SHAWLS,
FANCY DRESSES,		RIBBONS,	LACE, &c.

J. S. & Co. having in view the formation of a CUSTOMER TRADE, keep only such goods as can be recommended, and otherwise conduct their business on THOSE PRINCIPLES calculated to gain the ENTIRE CONFIDENCE of all purchasers, and warrant the recommendation of THEIR ESTABLISHMENT to the consideration and support of their friends and the public.

Every novelty of the season for ladies' toilet, in British and foreign manufacture, are now on show.

JAMES SPENCE &amp; CO.,

77, and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

EMBROIDERY AND BRAIDING. — Beautiful Designs on the best Muslin, ready for Working.—Children's Dresses, from 2s. 6d. Long Robes, from 5s. 6d. Capes, from 2s. 6d. Collars, Sleeves, Gaudinets, Chemisettes, Handkerchiefs, Nightcaps, Shirt Fronts, Bread, Chocors, and Fish Cloths, D'Oyleys, &c. Borders, from one inch to forty. Slippers, Smoking Caps, Mats, Table Covers, on Cloth Appliqué, or for Plain Braiding, Berlin Wool, Beads, Bugles, &c. List of Prices sent free; or, with a collar, for Five Stamps. The Trade supplied. Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, London.

## LADIES AVOID TIGHT LACING, AND TRY WILLIAM CARTER'S

Elastic Coutil Bodices (fastening in front) .....	s. d.	s. d.
Self-lacing patent front fastening Corsets .....	8 11	10 6
Family and Nursing Stays (self-adjusting) .....	8 6	14 6
Paris Wove Stays (all sizes) .....	9 6	21 0
	5s. 6d.	9 6 and 12 6

Address, WILLIAM CARTER, 22, Ludgate-street, London, E. C.

## LADIES VIGORNIA ROBED CRINOLINE SKIRTS, IN ALL COLOURS, (QUITE NEW.)

Parisian Eugénie Hoop Skeleton Skirts .....	s. d.	s. d.
Full Size Crinoline Petticoats (grey and white) .....	5 6	10 6
Watch-spring Crinoline and Muslin Skirts .....	8 6	16 6
	15 0	30 0

Address, WILLIAM CARTER, 22, Ludgate-street, London, E. C.

N.B.—Engravings of the above, or Wholesale Lists, free.

## FASHIONABLE REUNIONS.

The exuberance of the feelings amid scenes of gaiety induces the fair and youthful to shine to advantage under the gaze of many friends, and therefore to devote increased attention to the duties of the Toilet. It is on these festive occasions that

## ROWLANDS' AUXILIARIES OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY

are more than usually essential.

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

Is a delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair, and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent.

In dressing the Hair nothing can equal its effect, rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, and imparting a transcendent lustre.

## ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION.

Is unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities. The radiant bloom it imparts to the cheek, the softness and delicacy which it induces of the hands and arms, its capability of soothing irritation, and removing cutaneous defects, discolorations, and all unsightly appearances, render it indispensable to every Toilet.

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO, OR PEARL DENTIFRICE.

For Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, imparting to them a Pearl-like Whiteness, Strengthening the Gums, and for rendering the breath sweet and pure.

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers —\* Beware of Spurious Imitations!!!

## A NEW DISCOVERY IN TEETH.

MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has introduced an entirely new description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer. They will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots or any painful operation, and will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth stopped and rendered sound and useful in mastication. 52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 5.

## IMPORTANT TO LADIES

FREQUENTING THE OPERA, CONCERTS, BALLS, &amp;c.

## PEARS'S BLANC DE PERLE LIQUIDE, for imparting

that much-admired Harmonious Colour to the Countenance, Neck, Arms, and Hands. Various preparations are commonly sold for this purpose; but, from the large quantity necessary to maintain the desired effect, great injury is done to the delicate tissues of the Skin by their use. To obviate these evils, A. F. Pears has obtained a Receipt for preparing a most innocent Liquid, free from all irritating qualities, which has been constantly used by a celebrated actress from her earliest youth, and whose pearl-like bust and Arms have astonished all admirers of the truly beautiful. This liquid imparts a most delicate softness to the skin, combined with a highly beautiful transparent whiteness rarely to be met with in nature.—Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. Sold Wholesale and Retail, by A. F. PEARS, 91, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

## GOLDEN HAIR POWDER.

Sprinkling Gold Dust on the Hair is becoming more and more in vogue. It produces the most captivating effects, and especially enhances the charm of the coiffure. It imparts to the hair that shining golden hue which a great poet has said "appears as though a sunbeam had been broken into bits, and scattered among the tresses."

SOLD ONLY AT THE BOUDOIR DES DAMES,

PIESSE &amp; LUBIN,

2, NEW BOND STREET.

## NEW DANCE MUSIC

BY  
HENRI LAURENT.

**THE NEW RUSSIAN WALTZ, "ALEXANDRE ROMANOFF VALSE,"** introducing the Russian National Anthem, "Krasnoe Seraphin," "Shuna Mincka," and other Russian Melodies, performed with immense effect at the Drury Lane Concerts. Illustrated with a portrait of the Emperor Alexander, by Brandard. Price 4s.

**REGINE VALSE.**—Superbly illustrated, in colours, with a copy of one of the heroines of the Shakspearean Gallery (by permission of Mr. Bogue.) Price 3s.

**MARGUERITE POLKA.**—The best Polka of the season. Superbly illustrated, in colours, with a copy of one of the heroines of the Shakspearean Gallery (by permission of Mr. Bogue.) Price 3s.

**ARGYLL GALOP.**—The most popular Galop since the "Sturm Marsch." Beautifully illustrated, in colours, by Brandard. Price 3s.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

**TIMES, April 7.**

"M. Laurent's 'Alexander Romanoff Valse' the most popular morceau de danse of the day."

**MORNING HERALD.**

"The above pieces of new dance music are novelties from the pen of M. Henri Laurent, a gentleman of established fame as a writer for the ball room. The music in each case is frank and animated; original in vein, and sharply pointed for the terpsichorean purposes in view. The pianoforte arrangements are effective; at the same time they have been devised with due remembrance of the ordinary skill of drawing room players. The title pages, moreover, are embellished with lithographic pictures, tinted with the brightest of colours."

## NEWS OF THE WORLD.

"Laurent's music is eminently *dansante*; there is no mistaking it for anything else, so much is it redolent of the mazy atmosphere of polkas, valse, and schottisches, with its exciting rhythm and pleasing melody. It is effective both for the piano and orchestra, being composed expressly for dancers, who find him no unworthy successor of Jullien and D'Albert. The above are his latest productions, and are certainly among the best he has written."

"Among the dance-music of the season, the 'Alexandre Romanoff Valse' stands conspicuous, by reason of its beautiful melodies, and the expressive manner in which they are worked out. We are not surprised to hear that a composition of so much merit has already obtained extensive popularity; for whether as a drawing-room piece, or for service in the ball-room, it is equally admirable, and will long occupy the fair fingers of amateur pianoforte players, as well as of professional accompanists of the dance."

"It may not be a difficult thing to write a tune in polka-time, but it is by no means easy to write a polka tune that will inspirit and satisfy the dancers. Of all the quantity of such music that is published, but little is worth dancing to, or that one cares to hear a second time. The 'Marguerite' is one of the few choice pieces that we can hear over and over again, and always with delight, embracing, as it does, a pretty and catching melody, the points of which fall into the exact polka-time with the most enchanting effect."

"The Argyll Galop' is a vigorous composition by Mr. H. Laurent."

## MUSICAL WORLD.

"These are highly favourable specimens of the more recent productions of one of our best and most fertile composers of dance music. M. Laurent's morceaux de danse have, among other merits, the special one of being unlike those of any one else. He can find lively and rhythmical themes without borrowing from either Strauss or Jullien. The pieces above enumerated are striking proofs of this. The Argyll Galop is wonderfully stirring and animated, and, moreover, has one of the most genuine galop tunes we have heard for a very long time. It admits of no refusal, and must be danced. The Marguerite Polka is quite as good in its way, the burden, or principal subject, being provokingly frank and seducing. The Regine Valse cannot fail to charm by the graceful melody of its first and second figures. In short, all three pieces are marked by qualities which lead to spontaneous appreciation, and thence to extended popularity. When generally known, they will raise another step to the growing reputation of M. Laurent as a successful composer for the ball-room. We may add that the arrangements for the pianoforte are not merely effective, but so easy that the most inexperienced performers can almost play them 'at sight.'"

## BRISTOL MERCURY.

"Amidst the flood of trashy Polkas, Quadrilles, and Galops, with which this world is inundated, it is refreshing to meet now and then with a composition having some claims to musical excellence. The dance music of M. Henri Laurent is among the best we have met with. Imbued with the spirit which animated the German writer, Strauss, and which has been shared in by a few of his successors, he evidently aims at the improvement of this class of compositions, and with an innate feeling of melody, aided by a careful attention to rhythm, and an earnest aim at originality, he has succeeded in producing pieces which, while they answer all the purposes for which they are primarily designed, are by no means contemptible drawing-room studies. The above works possess all the requisites we have above mentioned."

## LIVERPOOL MAIL.

"M. Laurent is well known as an excellent composer of dance music. Although the above are pianoforte arrangements, the effect of the orchestral score is tenfold greater, particularly when heard by the composer's Orchestre de Danse, which, as many of our readers are aware, is almost unrivalled throughout Europe."

BOOSEY and SONS' Musical Library, 23, Holles-street

## NEW SONGS BY M. W. BALFE.

1.  
FIVE MONTHS AGO.

BALLAD.

Poetry by Mrs. Barrett Browning. Sung by Miss Dolby.  
Price 2s. 6d.

2.  
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.  
SERENADE.

Poetry by Alfred Tennyson. Sung by Sims Reeves.  
Price 3s.

3.  
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.  
SONG.

Poetry by Longfellow. Sung by Miss Lascelles.  
Price 2s. 6d.

4.  
THE GREEN TREES WHISPERED LOW  
AND MILD.

SONG.

Poetry by Longfellow. Sung by Miss Dolby, etc.  
Price 2s.

5.  
THE RAINY DAY.  
SONG.

Poetry by Longfellow. Sung by Miss Dolby.  
Price 2s.

6.  
GOOD NIGHT! BELOVED.  
SERENADE.

Poetry by Longfellow. Sung by Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, etc.  
Price 2s. 6d.

7.  
TRUST HER NOT.  
DUET.

Poetry by Longfellow. Sung by the Misses Brougham, etc.  
Price 3s.

BOOSEY & SONS' MUSICAL LIBRARY, 24 and 28, HOLLES STREET.

Published by JOHN BOOSEY, of 16, Berners-street, in the parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, at the office of BOOSEY & SONS, 23, Holles-street. Sold also by REED, 15, John-street, Great Portland-street; ALLEN, Warwick-lane; VICKERS, Holywell-street; KEITH, Frowse, & Co., 48, Chancery-lane; G. SCHEURMANN, 86, Newgate-street; JOHN SHEPHERD, Newgate-street; HARRY MAY, 11, Holborn-bars. Agents for Scotland, PATTERSON & SONS, Edinburgh; for Ireland, H. BUSSELL, Dublin; and all Music-sellers.

Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 2, 1857.